The complete poetry of
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REALITY

No matter how much I try
I cannot wrap my mind around
What you are telling me
I find it difficult to grasp
The reality you are presenting
Perhaps the illusion you portray
Is so great that
I cannot see pass the glass
The distorted prism you live in
I would rather live with
My limited understanding
Of who you are, And be happy with
The littleness of that.
I am satisfied
I need not more to love you.
Beautiful words in your heart
Ache for expression
Fall on deaf ears.

MORTAR

We are all stones
Our voices are dead
When our hearts are cold
We become building blocks
When we soften the clay.

PERCEPTION

How one sees
Depends on the angle of light
How one lives
Depends on the light given
How one reacts
Depends on the casting of shadows.

THOUGHT

Sitting I breathe deeply
Cool hands over eyes
Let this pause linger.

SWIRL

Quietly you sit as
The world swirls around you
You lift your eyes to see constant motion
Yet you are in your calm composure
Serenity is in your heart
Your fortitude of strength
Does not wane or retreat
You are planted solid in your anchor.

FORMULA

Respect is earned
Grace is given
Love is developed
Tears cleanse the soul
You fill my life.

YOU ARE….

You are the calm in the storm
You hold me up when I am weak
You give me strength when I have none
I call out to you and you are there
Your wisdom has never failed me
You are my friend who I trust
You tell me in love things
I need to hear and can accept
You show me the way to change
You bring healing in your words
Comfort in your presence
Peace of mind in chaos
I never worry when you are near
I know I am in good hands
As you hold me there
I am written on your palms
I look up to you
The salvation of my soul
For which I am grateful
I am in awe of thee
For you are life itself
Humbly I thank you
For the gift ~
I pray I can learn
To follow and not fail thee.

CONTRIBUITON

“We each grow in
The same garden.
Let us adorn
The beautiful vase
Set before us”.

I BELIEVE

I believe in love, I
Believe in you, I believe
In myself. I believe in the
Miracle of humanity. I
Do believe all of us make up
One body. I believe.

WILLINGNESS

Lay down your visionaries
No longer gaze for answers
It has been there all along.
Stop talking oh one, Listen with your eyes
And great truth will be revealed.
You seek answers With all your noise
And knowledge ~ Learn to let go
And discover real truth.
Can you become the end of yourself?
Can you learn to stop making noise?

Will you be willing to learn
From what is in front of you?
I ran away from noise, For it pushes me away
I cannot compete with vanity
Or the pride of men. Simplicity and sincerity
You will find me When you lose your life
It is then that you will live.

WE ARE HALVES

Joy is something that twinkles
When I look at your eyes
Happiness is evident in your smile
The ties that bind are deep
Resemblance in your family members
Love embraces all of you
In your kindness and affection
You are a lit candle that brightens
All who come to be with you
Infectious is your laughter
It brings lightness to my soul
I am blessed to have you
For we are halves that
Compliment one another.

HUNGER

Mystery shrouds you
Mists of vapor
Clinging to night

You loom over the waters
Flowing the traces of land
Softly your words speak
Faint are they heard
It is the voice of reason
You have come seeking
I am covered with your cloud
There is no direction
For you exist in the air exhaled
As well as the mist breathed
And I trace my finger
On the waters surface
Knowing you encompass everything
Your secrets flood my soul
I soak them up with hunger
Asking for more
You can hold true tonight
I am within you.

SHIFT

What one must do
To put behind them
All that hurts and offends
Looking forward daily
To a fresh start
No carrying forward
Old entities of naught
Rather looking forward

To the goodness in men
Casting aside all that
Drags down ones self
From the essence of love.

STEPPING STONES

Surprise, shock and rebuttal
Then clarity floods in
Sifting through false verses real
Looking with a new pair of eyes
To see what was not all
That it portrayed it was
Damage control is done
Yet harm has been done
I can choose to bury the pain
The hurt will die down
As I use this experience
As a stepping stone, To walk ahead
On the waters of trouble
Everyday there will be
New things to work out, And walk on by
We cannot walk around them
We have to walk through them
To get to the other side.
My goal is to see These stepping stones
As a gift of hidden strength
To walk past harms way.

FEATHERS

An old pewter vase
Filled with bird feathers
Blue Jays amongst others
Something someone did
I always remembered it ~
Treasures are different
For everyone's variety Feathers make one fly.
Such natural decorations
When I do find one I like to keep it
A reminder of such beauty
In this world of nature.

HOUR GLASS

Wood and glass with sands of amber
Flipped over to yet replay
Fragments of time slowly pass
This being an hour glass
Backwards in time
I see through the globe
A period of darkness
That compassed shadows
Your stigma of intrigue
To all who ponder As you are smashed
Sand that is blow away I can never rebuild
The depth of importance
The key you held for so many

Lost forever to mankind
And I search for that vial
Of sand in two spheres
That trickles in suspension
The lives of so many.

SANDBOX

Sandbox ~
Something children play in
What others fight in
It is a frame of mind
To let us be kind
Sandbox ~
It carries fleas
Brings fun for awhile
Dirt is flung and thrown
It can be a war zone
Sandbox ~
You cannot see the scars
Of rage and sulking
Of bruised egos
Amidst the lure of soft cool sand
Sandbox ~
Something handed down
From generation to generation
Learning what interaction is
Learning how to love.

TRUE BEAUTY

There are beautify people in the world
Of every nation and every tribe
You see their faces everywhere
On the television and bill boards
We are told to admire beauty
To go after all things beautiful
Yet we do not see our poverty
Inside of us that is so obvious
We adorn with jewelry and clothes
We highlight our characteristics
To draw attention to what can be seen
But what is inside I ask…
Some hide it so well
They come across so nicely told
Yet different and animal within
Their brutality and indifference they hide
Under much beauty
Is true ugliness
Of the most awful form
And people are blind to it.
Give us beautiful
That we can worship
And idolize with pride
Ignoring the beast within
True beauty…
Are within the poor
The deformed and unkempt
Their hearts bleed with love.

TRANSPARENT

I bare to you
The windows of my soul
Naked are my emotions
For your gaze
My humanity cries out
You are nectar to me
Golden Life so sweet
Purity that is unknown
My life is a kaleidoscope
Overview and replay
You have eased my load
Erase the film off me
We dwell in unity
Humbly, grace, mercy
Love of splendor.

JOURNEY

Self sorrow, pain manifests itself
Don’t let it last too long
Move past it
Or it will consume you
Mercy we cannot understand
When in our hands is anger
Release the clench of retribution
Receive the tears of love
Pride blinds you

It’s the cancer in your soul
Humility gives you the gift
To receive new life
Suffering is misunderstood
The wise embrace it
The foolish avoid it
Immature in stature they wither away
Weakness and surrender
Are the building blocks
To a wall well mortared
Cemented with strength of love
To forgive ones self
Is to cast pride down
Accepting ones actions
Embracing love’s humility
I am forever learning
Yet the things of You
Are new and fresh each day
You bring me into the truth.

UNLATCHED

Helpless I’m falling
And no one can pick me up
As a leaf in the wind
I have no control
Your voice is comfort
Yet you are so far away
I at times feel the need

To be rooted like a tree
To look up and always
Be eager for the next wind
To carry me about
I linger for your touch
Invisible hands they are
I am lifted in time
So I don't touch the ground
I turn to see but a pinnacle
Everything comes full circle
And that is key
For one cannot exit
Without the other.

WAKE UP MY CHILDREN

As you sit back in ease
With slumber on your eye lids
Without a care of the world
Suddenly destruction comes
On those who slumber.
Wake up! Rise from your sleep!
Destruction comes swiftly.
My people wake up!
You have lost your vision
You no longer see me
Or heaven your home
You see the world around you
As your reward.

Shake off all the world
I will not come for
Sleeping children as in the garden
I come for a Bride
Who expects and awaits her Groom.
Know and expect dear children
Through much suffering
You shall inherit
The Kingdom of Heaven.
Strengthen yourself in Me.
You have a race to run, to finish.

THE WATERS BLEED – THE URCA 1715

Storm clouds blow in
My soul aches with anxiety
Uprooted and tossed
As waves on the ocean.
With arched back
And stretched arms
I cannot reach the heavens
To silence the angry sky.
The sun is shrouded
I'm surrounded with
A halo of thunderbolts
I stand naked to the sun.
Clutch as you will from me
The hands weighed with stone
I have touched the ocean floor

My watery grave cries out.
Let streaks of red flow
The waters bleed
I am tossed no more
My limbs rise upward
Where sea and sky meet
So I kiss the new dawn.

I AM COMPLETE

My heart longs for you
Strong is my desire to follow
Where you may lead me,
I trust in the way you lead me.
I yield to you completely
My soul is yours.
I believe in your love
And all you have given me.
When I am with you
I feel alive
In every part of my being.
You have raptured my heart
Consumed my every moment
You are all I think about.
I cannot stand to be away
From your living presence.
You fill the void in my life
In you I am complete.
You turn my sorrow into joy

Time with you seems forever.
I am young at heart
I feel as a child again.
You see the good in me
Encourage only the best.
I give to you my very soul
I love and adore you.
Words cannot express
The love so beautiful
I am grateful you are in my life.

NURTURE YOURSELF IN ME

Take time out you need
To be kind to yourself
Put others on hold for a day
Nurture yourself
Do not deplete your soul
Of what you need most.
Noise is constant
It assaults you everywhere
Your ears no longer hear
Your mind no longer thinks
Stress builds, wears you down,
You react irrationally.
This world should not dictate
Your thoughts or expressions
It is time to come away
When it treads on your territory

Take back what you have lost
Rest in peace and joy
Rest in my word.
The wind of my spirit
Will lift and refresh you
Be kind to yourself
I am all you have
You can change things
With the strength I give you
Nurture yourself in me.

QUICK SAND

Life goes on as usual
Or so we think
Meanwhile the quick sands of time
Pulls us into a spiral
In an instant things change...

SOON TO COME UPON US

Crickets jump in numbers
They invade the house
Chirping you hear them
Hard to find.
Summer is winding down
All green is faded yellow
Soon to go all brown
Leaves die and fall

With the colours muted.
Frost covers the ground
Everything is white
Burns your fingers to touch
Your breath does crystallize
It hangs in mid air.
All things fly south
Few do remain
Go through the house
Start to winterize
For the long duration
Of white slumber.
A time to gather the harvest
Much canning and baking to do
Prepare like squirrels with storage
Running to lay up supplies
Soon the skies turn gray
Sunlight sleeps in mid afternoon.
Garnish your home with scenery
Pleasant to look at for hibernation
Which is soon to come upon us
Only we are awake to live through it.
Autumn is around the corner
Then harsh blows in winter’s cold
Stinging all with bitter frost
Freezing air patterns on window panes.
It is a time to sit and watch
Daydream, sleep and relive

The summer days we were in
And draw off the joys of mid year.

CYCLES

Tender is a soul when young
Brought up in the world
To succeed in it.
Much ambition and plans
Goals to be achieved.
All is excitement when in youth
Energy is never ending.
After you have done that
Which you set out to do
Always add another goal.
Pity the man who has
Done all he said he would do
And finds joy no more
In what once was his talent.
To have nothing to look forward to
To feel useless and unappreciated
Is to be invisible and void.
Learn we are not competing
With that of others
We are learning to grow
On what we already are.
Early in life we look
To please others,
Later in life we look

To satisfy ourselves.
Mid life requires the wisdom
To balance the two.
You are raising up youth
Yet tending to the elderly
While being true to yourself.
Everyone is going in cycles
Different circles and levels.
We all intertwine needing each other.
Just realize growth is change ~
Change is acceptance ~
Acceptance is peace ~
Build on these things.
You will succeed at being yourself
By being genuine ~
You shall never fail.

THE PRIZE

Subtly we move off mark
Lose our focus of the prize
Often it is too late
When we do realize.
Wind blows and you see it not
So trouble comes our way
Like a reed in the wind we must bend
And not snap or fray.
Yet be ever so anchored to the root
From which we come from

Enduring to get the prize
Is that not the sum?
And I find it often cumbersome
To keep in constant remembrance
My eyes get off focus and blur
With a smidge of semblance.
I walk in this world alone
What I have is not really mine
I have no real home
Rather I the prize must find.
And do we relish the journey
Of hardships pain and sorrow
To help us develop our character
To get through to tomorrow?
I say this in quite earnest
I would rather quit and get a rest
But I know the race is not for the weary
The reward is only for the best.
Let us run and not grow weary
Let us claim our stake in Him
Who teaches us to walk above
The pain, noise that will grow dim.
And so I listen to the wind
As she softly carries echoes my way
I know I must endure for but a season
For my soul the prize to stay.

LET US

Hard to live in love
In a world of hate.
We must shine the light
For all the world to see
Regardless of the darkness ~
Be anchored to our hope
With salvation sure.
Do not lose your hold
And forfeit your inheritance,
Stay focused on Jesus
The Living Word.
Remember life here is temporal
We strive to enter in
By the narrow gate
To obtain the crown of life.
We must not forsake
The assembly of the brethren
We must pray each other up
Encourage and exhort each other
For the race is swift
And will end soon.
Let us not lose heart
But endure to the end
Occupy till His coming
Being about the Father's business.
Love is more than words
It is actions of obedience.

Let us shake off slumber and sleep
Let us wake up and be Warriors
Or Righteousness
Of Holiness
Of Mighty boldness
Of living the Word
To a dying world.
Let us keep our eyes
Fixed on Jesus.

BUTTERFLY

Light feathery blue wings
Flutter on by
To smell the flowers of today
And drink the nectar deeply.
So graceful and delicate
You ride the air
Invisible currents carry you
Onward to new heights and dreams.
The field is alive
Moving wings glide
With sun radiant
As warmth lets you
Spread your antenna
And lift off quietly.
Circle about from one to another
You flit so beautifully

With effortless ease ~
Your movement so light and free
Dance in mid air to the motion
Of the suns rays on you
Exalting in the nectar of the field.
Your landing is wonderful to behold.

TIME IS A THIEF

Time is a thief ~
It robs me of all intentions
Pleasures escape placed by obligations.
In my mind to comfort
I relive my youth
Of endless days of fun
Outdoors with happiness unlimited.
And now with age comes responsibilities
How I hate the word
For it has robbed me of real life
And true meanings
To be replaced with societies demands.
As a hamster on a wheel
I tread round and round
Putting my time in
My pound of flesh
To extract what means for a living.
Time is a thief ~ Honestly I dare not look
For my heart says one thing
My head another.
I lie to myself to maintain my consistency

So that I can continue functionally.
My heart yearns for real life
Not a token but a reality
Not years of service or labor
Nor of existence
Rather for being and living
What we are made of
Rather than the wants and dictates of others.

TEACH US HOW

You have breathed life in me
Lovingly watching over
When I look up
It is not a face I see
But the elements of Love.
Your being is so real.
Truly I am raptured with Joy
It defies reasoning.
You want us to love
Teach us how ~
We shall never go wrong.

RICH

Simplicity I seek
Balance is key
The less I own
The happier I am
The richer I become.

BEAUTY

Stifle the noise
And listen to the silence
There is shrouded beauty there.

ALTERNATIVES

Kiss a fool and he will rise
He has no fortitude
Preservation ~
Keeping alive the thoughts
Penned from long ago.
How I love your words
They are life to me
They comfort me when I'm afraid
Strengthen me when I'm weak
Give me light when I'm confused.
Words ~ they are life
Words ~ they can bring death
Our words bring forth both.
If we build on your foundation
We must shed the dual tongue
The dual mind
Become single minded
Your words seal my mind
To live what you desire.

RESPONSIBILITES

We have all heard the word
Had a few of our own
Some burdened more than others
You see its wear in peoples faces
It can age you so fast
No matter how you try to avoid it
It makes your bear your load.
I have no faith in those
Whose face is clear of wear
Who never lifted a finger
You know these are kept ones
Out of the realm of reality
Clueless to how things work.
Responsibilities ~
When we have them
Bear them well
Do not blunder under the yoke
Be not the cause of shattered lives
And broken promises
Be known as successful to deliver
For by doing your share
You earn the trust and respect
When it is your turn
You will be cared for.

MOM'S COOKING

I remember sitting as a little girl
On a stool in the kitchen
Watching my mother bake
She would whip up the batter
And bake something yummy.
I would wait patiently
Instead of being out playing
I really wanted to lick the batter
Off the beaters or the spoon.
My patience was always rewarded.
I got the first piece of pie, cake
Or the first cookies
That would come out of the oven.
My mom would stand there
All full of flour and paste
Singing opera
While baking dinner
Setting the table
And getting everything ready.
And lovingly I would watch her.
No one was allowed
In her kitchen
This was her place to shine
And no one was allowed to go there.
And to this day
When I eat something sinfully delicious
I compare it to my mom’s cooking

Which no one has been able
To come close to yet.

OUR HEARTS

Heavenly Father
You have shown me
My heart is deceitfully evil
That I a mortal man
Need to seek your face
Your ways, your understanding
In all my ways.
It is a painful gift
To see ourselves as you do.
Your light shines on us
Our heart's condition
So that we may repent
And seek you in our weakness.
Oh Lord ~
Truly you are sovereign
You have our best interests
At heart. You love us so much
To expose our wickedness
So we can reach up to you
And be whole in your Son.
Truly thou art
A Holy and Righteous God
To bring us into your truth
Lovingly setting us free.

PRETENSE

How people are such social beings
They will promenade to the beat
Careful to be acceptable
To the denying of themselves
And cutting off their own speech.
Let our tongues lie consistently
Yet our eyes are daggers that could kill
To shake a limp hand of pretense
Is like a dead fish out of water
There is imagined life
A portrayed imagery of communication.
Let us exalt ourselves and others
While seething underneath
Let us agree to be agreeable
While all the time undermining others.
Media recants our statements
We wrap the mantel of hypocrisy around us
Speaking louder our words
To convince ourselves and others.
It is the volume that will scare people off
Not the truth for there is none.
We are isolated souls wrapped in social cocoons
Only to be broken before our time
Under developed moral beings
With hypnotic notes to sing aloud
While nodding furiously against.
Let us pretend and pretend
And pretend.
-30-

If we fake it enough
Perhaps we might just get it right.

SPLENDOR TO WATCH

Tall and sleek stand the aspens
Wind blowing, tussling your leaves
Shimming and flipping like coins
Their undersides showing variants of colour.
Wind blows through the pines,
Making heavy boughs sway and dip
Fragrance of pitch and tar
Pleasant to absorb.
Surprised by constancy in motion
Flow of greenery alive
Stems, branches and trunk
All bow and sway gracefully.
I know you all are speaking
What you are saying I know not
Yet I feel your love of expression
In so magnificent a splendor to watch.

WARRIOR

One who does not conform
Who stands up for a cause
A watchman for the people
One who has conquered fear
And walks the path of conviction

Loyal to their beliefs
Not willing to compromise
A walking sacrifice
Willing to pay the ultimate.
A person who knows
Their destiny, who they are,
One who will not quit
Will complete their mission.
A loner who does not lean
On acceptance of others
One who has an inner strength
And stands on that fortitude
Whose feet are solid.
This is a Warrior, tried and true
One who will stand forth
As the sands of time.

SOLACE

Rain has swept through
Bad thunderstorms
Temperatures dropped greatly
Mist rises off the mountain tops
The rain is damp, chilly
The sun has not shown all day.
Inside I think of
All those less fortunate
I am grateful for a roof
And my favorite pet.

This is summer?
Feels more like autumn.
How the seasons are mixed
So unpredictable lately
I still have energy in me
I think I'll do some baking
Nothing like the smell
Of fresh banana bread
On a damp drab day.
I am grateful for days like these.
They make my home comfy
A place of solace and ease
To just rest from the toil.
And to sleep with the rain
Softly hitting the roof
Is soothing to my ears.

WALLS

Sitting here looking up
Cinder blocks painted for a wall
I feel people are that
Cinder blocks cemented together.
Most never breathe or break out
To new heights or dimensions
People choke on change.
And the whole room is cement
Mortar and water
As hard as stone.
Let us paint over the wall

Make it pretty, adorn it
Bring colour and design
To a voiceless, lifeless wall.
And many are shrouded in gray
Walled up so high
A prisoner of their own making.

HOME SWEET HOME

Home, sweet home, how true
Home is a safe place
Beyond the threshold.
It is where a person
Can truly reside
In peace.
No pressures, demands,
Just solace.
Sweet balm of being.
How much more
I appreciate
The solitude
Of the sweet home
My ark of safety from
A world off tilt.
In Heaven You go to
Prepare a place for us,
A mansion ~
Home, sweet home
How true.

REVIEW

At the end of the day
When I reflect back
It seems it is like
Trying to grab
An allusive oiled rope.
All tasks slip by us.
We never have a full grasp
On the tasks at hand.
Every day is a spill over
To do list, ever growing,
At night when I stop
I reflect how Jesus
You carried me through it.
I have to remember
It's never about us
It is about you Lord~
Your loyalty to us
Your Love never ending.
As I review my day
I thank You Father
For the ability to do it
With your strength in my weakness.
May I continue to acknowledge
Remember and ever thank You
For the days fullness
And all within it.
(2 Corinthians 12:9)

THE VISION OF HOLINESS

With eyes closed, hands raised
I worship you Jesus,
Your presence fills the room
Joy fills my heart
I cannot contain it.
Your light fills the room
I cannot open my eyes
I feel plugged into
An electrical current
Energy surrounds me
I see with my eyes closed
A cloud of light descend.
It is filled with silver lights
Bursting with energy.
Slowly the light fades away.
I reach up to touch it ~
It has gone.
The Joy in my heart, It does remain.
I have touched The Throne of Heaven.
I have foreseen The Vision of Holiness ~
Awesome is The Lord!
Awesome is Jesus!

TIME IS OUR TEACHER

Time was created for man
To be able to measure

His many successes
To use time as a gauge
For structure, growth, maturity.
Time is a teacher.
It shows us what we were,
What we are, who we become.
It never rewinds itself
Rather it does review,
So we can compare and change
To grow to new heights,
Become the person
We are meant to be.
At the end of our time
We can trade in
Our life's accomplishments.
The check list is much different
To what we live by.
It will be the little things
We have done and lived
With much care and concern
Being the grade of rewards.
Each of us, our time
Is various lengths.
Let us in all sobriety
Seize onto it, use it
Cherish it as precious
With no guarantees of tomorrow.
Toss aside regrets and misery
Look and see today
For what it really is

A gift of no guarantee
That tomorrow will come.
Live it in the fullness
It presents itself.
And doing so you
Will find the Divine present.

THE KING'S COURT

Majesty
Worship His Majesty
Glory and honor
And splendor is yours!
Righteousness exudes you.
Love beyond reason
Beyond our human measure
Love within itself
Has filled all corners
Of the Universe.
Jesus died so that
We may live
I can never comprehend
The depth, the height
Of that love so consuming
To sacrifice ones self
So others may live.
Truly Thou are the King
Master of all,
Majesty and honor and glory
Are all due your name.

The chorus wave will roll
For all eternity ~
Worshiping His Majesty on High.
I am glad to be
In the King's court
Joining my voice of praise.

THE TREASURE

Ribbons of many colours
Laid out in front of you
From the many colours
You must choose.
How can you decide
Against such variety of art?
You cannot do justice
All colours exist for a reason.
Many roads in front of you
Most lead to compromise
One leads to life but requires sacrifice.
Once you have found the one
You must take and keep
Then you have crossed over
From indecision to the cloak of choice.
The world is full of treasures
Luminous riches that glimmer.
Much is thrown at us,
Yet within we know the truth.
We are born with that

Inner voice of reason when we follow it
We see clearly the road to choose.
We walk on it to finish the race set before us.
Instead of ribbons, Medals of Honor
Or the praise of men's lips
We earn an eternal Crown of Life
To throw at the Master's feet
And prostrate down to His throne.
In that eternal city of no more tears
No more fear, no more dark
Of love itself.
The ribbon is the Blood Covenant
The road is straight and narrow
The voice is the Holy Spirit
The Treasure is Eternal Life
Through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

NO MORE WANDERING

Rest your soul ,
Oh weary wanderer
There's no need
To walk any more
You have found true rest
On the shores of prayer
Praise He does inhabit
He will renew you.
Rest your soul
Oh weary wanderer

To verdant pastures
With skies of blue
He is faithful
Who has promised
It is the Lord Almighty
Faithful and True.
Trade your worries and burdens
Gladly drop the load
He will carry you further
Beyond your expiration point
To renewed beginnings
He is the Master of Eternity
No more wandering here.

COINCIDENCE YOU SAY ~

Coincidence you say ~
Something happened
Your plans are altered
You feel the day was wasted
Then someone you talk to
Needs something which
Only you can help with.
Coincidence you say ~
It is raining outside
You need to mail this letter
The post office is closed
And you are broke
You find a single stamp

On the wet lawn, dry.
Coincidence you say ~
You forgot to pick up someone
They are waiting at the hospital
They are broke.
They look down and exact change,
They take the bus home.
Coincidence you say ~
Truly in this life
There are no coincidences
Rather small miracles
Sent our way
To help us through life.
Father, thank you for
Your many “coincidences”.

ANGLED AND WOVEN LIVELY

Lush green of emerald
Succulent foliage edible
Sweet aroma of earth lingers
The air so cool and clear
Caressing my skin
All the leaves and grass
Woven, curled together.
After a rain storm
Drops of water sparkle
As diamonds on a dirt mound
Such a newness feeling
Alive and a part of my surroundings

Cycle of life is constant.
My ears and eyes take it in
Movement small and large
A pallet of colour
Sheltered from the touch of humans
Pure and unaltered
You parade your growth
All can see the lines so true
Angled and woven lively.
(Tribute to Nature)

TRUE POVERTY

A life of privilege
Wanting for nothing
It so seems that those mentioned
Are the most wretched.
Affluence has a way of
Poisoning ones self.
How often the sad tale
Of a very rich person's life
Ending in despair and utter demise.
Yet you hear of those happier
With nothing to carry forward.
The poor are rich in ways
That we cannot comprehend.
They walk in the integrity
Of their souls, definition pronounced.
Riches amassed elude us

They fall out of a bag with holes
Yet the Poors' wealth is a spiritual treasure.
They are one with the earth
And reverence it for its substance
To help them make it
Yet another day.
They understand the balance of things
And the cycle of change.
People are drawn to those
Who know who they are.
Their essence exudes
To those in great need.
Two worlds meet and clash.
Society holds one in great esteem
Based on the values of men.
The heavenly choir
Holds the other in great esteem ~
The meek inherit the earth.
They have the true treasure
They are the guardian of it.

FORGIVENESS

At the bottom of despair
Injustices and hurt,
If you look real close
Unforgiveness is the root.
The pain, deep pain
That is so prevalent,

If we were to find
The courage to forgive ~
There is nothing we can't
Heal or overcome.
With the smallest seed
That falls to the ground
In our short life ~
The seed of forgiveness
To heal all wounds,
To set you free with hope
To become alive.

YOU NEVER CONSIDER

Quietly I watch you
I protect you, love you.
You go about every day
With no notice I am there.
Months, years pass by.
I never leave you
I sustain you, comfort you.
You graduate in life from
One success to another.
You plan your days, years.
You are satisfied
With your gains and accomplishments.
You never consider once
How I graced you with them.
You are old, feeble and alone,

Your friends deserted you.
You are aware of loneliness, abandonment.
You become bitter and angry.
Yet you don't see me in your life.
The day comes for me to
Call you forth from this life.
You enter the realm of timelessness.
You look up before me
Standing at my footstool of my throne.
You see my long suffering,
My patience and love.
You say, "Oh Jesus!
I never knew, Forgive me!"
And I say with great sadness
"I loved you yet you ignored me.
You coveted life over me.
now I must say go away from me,
I never knew you."
How sad! We hear the Word,
The warning yet don't pay any heed.
We lose all thought of Jesus,
Some find out too late.
My friend don't wait –
Find Him now.

EVERY GENERATION

Every generation leaves
Something behind

Growing up we question our elders
And why the outdated way of life.
As we mature we see the necessity
To mend our ways and settle down.
I guess being “outdated” is really
Having come full circle to acceptance.
Change has washed over us
Show us who we really are.
As we become so we are
And we pass that down
To our kids.
Lessons are not always learned
Nor easily received.
For the ones that are
It leaves a mark of honor
Which is handed down,
Respected and carried on.
It is our duty to
Learn from others.
That is what we are here for,
Integrity.

A LIVING PAINTING

Off in the tree line
Rises Mount Arrowhead
White cloud streaks crown
Your pleasant green peak.
I see a field of grass

Landscaped with an occasional
Sweeping green sapling.
Canopies of sumac
Dot as far as the eye can see.
It is a beautiful cold truth
Survival of the fittest
Such a precious balance
In harmony ~
A living painting
I have stepped into.
Duration of the daylight
Frames your canvas
The light exposing variations
Of texture, smell and colour.
To be here in the midst
Of this living treasure
I want the day to last.
I cannot replicate your beauty
I can only bask in its warmth
Reveling in your grandeur.

CHANGES

Adults, little people grown up
Souls defining themselves
Capturing the essence of being
Merging its worth with life.
Friends, other self souls
Searching for validity

Reaching and combining ideals
Agreeing with those who blend.
Peers, the group that surrounds
Which to evaluate
Opinions, differences, ideals
Adjust our aspirations wisely.
Enemies, a necessary evil
To show us our temperament
Reveal the ugliness we have
Exchanging for newness of life.
Babies, innocence pure
Valiant display of loyalty and trust
Challenge ourselves to teach
Grow with the process.
Death, the mask of which
We all shall one day wear
Which we must leave our mask
May it leave tranquility to those who grieve.

EARS TO HEAR

Prophecy spoken, written
Becomes a warning
To all who heed
A disaster to those who mock.
An eerie hush prevails
As men lift eyes to watch
The doom fall.
They question why

Should this be any different?
Yet given the time frame
It gives it credence and weight.
Men don't lie about death.
They avoid it, fear.
The prophecies are coming true
All take shape to reality.
When on knows who they are
They can discern what
Pertains to them.
It is not proof of falsehood
Rather mercy to prolong.
Mockers will refute that.
They will be partying
The day the fire rains on them,
Few listen, few heed.
Do you have ears to hear?

TRUST HIM NOW

Be not in love with world
You are but passing through
All in this world
Is passing away.
Set your love on The Lord
And the kingdom of His throne.
Sin has corrupted this world
It has fallen from
Its original state and splendor,

Men will fail you
Money will fail you
Put your trust in The Lord
And Jesus His Son.
By faith lean on Him
By faith trust Him
To meet all your needs.
Drop the doctrines of men
The promises and reassurances
Of the world around you.
Put only your hope
In Jesus alone,
The Living Word.
He will deliver and transform you.
Learn to trust Him now
Before it is too late.

MY DAD

I choke with emotion
When this pen I do write
For I know soon Dad
Of your earthly plight.
Your eyes are now dim
Your memory not so sharp
I remember all the ways
Your life has been in part
A molding of my character
And my love so today

I fondly do recall
Your influence in every way.
The little girl I was
On the toilet lid I'd stand
And you would teach me
How your neck tie to knot,
And then slap aftershave
On your shaven face
The glee of excitement
As a little tot.
Older I would walk with you
Reaching up hand in mine
You'd pull me up to you
My arms your neck to find.
You were such a maverick
A power house you were
A father, husband, worker
And immigrant called Sir,
You were a farmer
A carpenter too
A soldier, officer, politician,
Businessman to name a few.
It seemed you were never home
You were busy earning so
To support your loving family
In the years we all did grow.
Each of us you married off
Helped in every part
To become a man, a woman

After your very heart.
Mom would beam with pride
In all the years through
The ups and downs together
She clung and stuck with you.
And now that you are older
And I care for you so
It touches my heart the memories
And your life does go.
From the earth we came
And return we all must
Loosing you my loving Dad
The Lord Jesus does ease I trust.

THE TREASURE SO PROFOUND

There is a secret place
One we all must find
To place our hearts treasure,
It is within the soul
Where we keep our heart
The things in life we measure.
Hands cannot touch
The depth within
Where I do reside,
It is immortal
Eternal breath of light
The thing of life's pride.
Our beings very core

Unique in itself
This is the gate,
Each of us discover
The arch of the soul
Our true character's slate.
Written in our minds
More upon the heart
Emotions swell and full,
They rise up wings
Which give us flight
Heavenward it does pull.
Waste not your time
To dwell on troubled thoughts
Nor give in to fear,
Rapture of love so deep
The treasure so profound
It is our heart my dear.

THAT WHICH DOES NOT FAIL

When I have tried all else
And it has truly failed
There's nothing left to do
I get down on my knees
And turn to talk to you.
Life is overwhelming
I know not where to turn
Confusion in my mind
Yet within my heart does burn

That you are The Lord.
I don't know why
I wait so long
To empty my heart all out
And always afterwards
My heart feels light and new.
I may not see you
But I feel your presence near
Your peace and comfort
They do surround me
When on bended knee
I have your ear.
To enter the throne
One must be humble
To be on our knees
With head forward cast
Is truly surrendering
To the Heavenly King.
There is one thing
That does not fail
But truly does last
It is prayer to the King
On His Throne
We are connected
We are not alone.

RAIN

Rain falls softly on the leaves
Droplets fall so tenderly

The parched earth it does quench
Thirst is filled and it does spill ~
Overflow trickles and carries away
The stain, the pain of the day…
Freshness in the air
Fill my lungs full and linger ~
As the green glistens
Film of all is washed off and seeps away…
Rain how I need it so
Every now and then
To wash my soul ~
And carry away all that does weigh down
I let it with the water drown…
Rain let it fall…
Gently, softly as a lullaby
And lull me to sleep ~
With closed eyes I can live
The freshness that was brought to me…
And shape new thoughts ~
Ambitions and desires
Will come from this.

MOMENT OF TRUTH

There comes a moment of truth
Where you have to stop
Ask yourself what really matters
Then walk away from it all
And pursue only what is true.
We all have blind spots

They sabotage us
Honesty says we have them ~
Is the first step to rid them.
Can you really decide
To give up everything
For a belief, a principle?
Can you take comfort
In knowing who you are
And that being enough?
We reach a point
Where we just sit and watch
Others work and pursue
We come to accept our surrender
In being comfortable as we are.
This is a point of death.
You decide to stop growing.
Can we be solid enough
To Stand?
And be happy we can Stand?
Yes, we wind down with age
That does not mean
You have to give up
All hopes for a dream
For things new and wonderful.
Courage to change
And then doing it ~
This is the moment of truth.

OUR TONGUES

The power of the tongue
Many don't even consider
Without a thought they will
Speak the words away, they whither.
Fly they do on other's lips
With reinvention of meaning
Not it is unleashed
And the damage escalates.
Flatter, stammer, hesitate,
Justify, Oh My!
And this member to communicate
Can also bite and devour
Consume and consume ~
Give it no room.
Such a small part of us
Yet all that we feel in our hearts
Flows through our mouths
As expression it parts.
Truth blurts out of control
And all can see our knarly soul
Or beauty divine forth will shine.
And words build; And words destroy
Others can scar forever.
I ask, the tongue,
Can it ever consistently be kind?

INK

Ink appears on the pages
It fills in to make letters
The book was never empty ~
You walk into the future
You cannot be seen or heard
Deeds manifest themselves ~
Thoughts, desires, actions
Goals accomplished
They bring forth much
Into the future ~
A man's work shall follow him
Some will multiply greatly.
Your seed turns into a tree
Many eat from you branches. ~
We don't seem to grasp
The magnitude of our lives
Or how we touch others.
If we knew our true value
We would tenderly nourish our souls.
All of us are unique and beautiful
With a mission just for one
Let the ink fill in
The pages of your book.
May it be deep, vast
And inspire others.

RYE

Harvest time
You lean back in a field of rye
Knowing soon this will be cut
The beauty of the fruit when dried
Braids itself back into the stem.
Soft in my hands are your kernels
So small yet needed
Breadbasket of the world
Birds perch on your tops
You are plenty.
The wind sweeps my trace
It is not visible on my parting
I leave you to sway in the wind
And silhouette in the sun
With birds eating from your stalks.

TO BE A KID AGAIN

You are my friend and so I will listen
What have you got for me?
Don’t you just want to be a kid once more?
Free to explore and roam
With no one barking at you?
Friend, don’t you wish
You could just drop everything
Be irresponsible for once
And take off to nowhere?
To stand at the ocean and chase the waves ~

To run through cornfields
getting lost in the middle ~
To riding old jalopies
With the doors gone ~
To stay up late at night
Walk by people's houses
And look inside?
Seeing the luminous glow
Of the huge television sets ~
To ride double on a bicycle
To hand onto the side of a tractor
To stay up all night gazing up at the stars
Listening to the train whistle on the tracks
Waiting for the morning sun to dawn ~
To chase each other on the lawn
Playing tag and falling down ~
To skip across the garden hose
Getting sprayed and loving it ~
To lay out on a blanket
Plastered with sun tanning lotion
Listening to the radio
And the dog is licking you ~
Friend, don't you want
To just be a kid again?
I know I do.

MY HOME

A moment's silence
That's all I ask

Birds are my canopy
Their music is my orchestra
White and lavender lilacs in bloom
So perfect, nature’s lace on stems
Light angles across the lawn
Shadows being cast
Heat gives way to cool
Humming birds fighting overhead
Chasing among the tree tops.
The red wing black bird
Letting out is majestic call.
Chipmunk racing up the lawn
Dodging red squirrels
Dogwood trees have grown
Touching the second floor
Covering the back door.
The sun, a bright gold coin
With rays around
Highlights the grass tips
The dandelions gone to seed
The full white heads
Are lit up with auras
Green grass and clover
A living, breathing carpet
Dragonflies and butterflies
Dance and dash about
The perfect air - So crisp and clean.
All I hear are the birds
Full melody conversing
Many varieties together

The field and woods
My home, it is heavenly.

SUBLIME

Yellow swallowtail butterflies
Zigzag across the lawn
Knee high grass
Of clover and daisies
Queen Anne's lace
Black eyed Susan's
Indian paint brushes
Buttercups, chicory,
Alfalfa, wheat tares,
A field of white
Dandelion heads,
Slowly move with a gentle breeze.
Dragon flies hover about
Trilliums purple and white
Pansies and violets
Tucked in a tree line.
I'm in awe of the sublime.

FOUNDATION

Beating in your chest
Vibration in your mind
Vision while asleep
I am your voice
I want to echo.

Rings from a ripple
Transmit waves of thought
Understood by animals
Your actions are the
Life to your thoughts
Truly you have chosen
And orchestrated.
Decide, don't look back
Be loyal to your conviction
Commitment, actions
Build a foundation.
One day you will see
All the small things added
They make up much.
Our lives are choices
Which bring rewards.
Know the foundation
You are building on.

LET US LAUGH NOW

You were in a rush
Had your glasses off
Grabbed a can and sprayed your hair
The "hairspray" being bathroom foam cleaner
You leave with a spike hairdo ~
Let us laugh now.
You were in a hurry
You back out of the garage
With my car slightly behind yours

Dad navigates who is almost legally blind
You almost hit my car
You angled out
And ripped the side mirror off the door ~
Let us laugh now.
You show me your car is broke
An air gauge clip is next to the emergency brake
I tell you the brake is not broke
You ask why the emergency light is lit up
I say you have your foot on the brake ~
Let us laugh now.
You had boiled hummingbird food
Mixture, water and sugar
You are standing there watching
It ooze out of the bottom
All over your shoes and on the floor
You asked why it does that
The bottom was not screwed on ~
Let us laugh now.
You had walked away from the stove
Left a frying pan on
I come home to a house full of black smoke
The pan is on fire ~
Let us laugh now.
You get a phone call
It is from the doctor's office
Notifying you of your appointment
Your write it down wrong
You miss the appointment ~
Let us laugh now.

You want to know what I did with your pill box
Why the pills are not full
You took tonight's pills this morning
And in the spirit of things
Mixed the days all up to back fill the spaces ~
Let us laugh now.
You are still able to drive
To answer the phone
To take "messages" and "convey them"
Yet you won't get a hearing aide
You won't get your eyes checked ~
Let us laugh now.
(A loving Tribute to the aging process)

FREE IN YOU

I sat on my back deck
And listened to the wind
Your voice came to me
You spoke of the depth
Of your love that I've yet to grasp –
Of truths so real that I wanted
To trail with your voice
Where the wind would take me.
How yielded I was,
I gave to you everything
And I sat satisfied.
The burden is lifted, gone,
And I felt so light, free.
The gift of your voice –

Hearing it makes my heart melt.
Nothing tangible to feel or see,
Just your presence with me.
I feel your love Jesus
It is overwhelming.
I soak in your radiance.
How my soul is alive
You coarse through my being,
I am enraptured by you.
You know my name and I know yours.
There is no measure of time
In your expression,
Lovingly with me you reside
Graciously you overlook
All my weaknesses.
You ask for nothing more
Than my love for you.
I weep, touched by love.
You have seen my inner self,
That which I try to hide
You expose it bare.
You voice comes to me
It whispers in my depths
Caressing my heart.
You moved me out of myself.
I have come forth I ride the wind –
I'm free in you.

MIDWAY DURATION

It transpires
Before you know it
Middle age wanes on you.
Your mind has yet
To approach with the body
And you have a lucid juncture
Posing, where did the years go by?
Busyness has plundered you
With distracted interests
Deferring from goals and dreams
Most set aside for the moment
Fade in the background.
You stabilized for what is
Dropping the zeal of inception
And of dreams once genuine
You grow old before your time.
And you look at yourself
In the shock of truthfulness
How to at least venture
To pursue now
What you didn't then.
Realize that age and youth
Defy each other.
Youth is foolish, age is wise.
And middle age is
The great pendulum swing.

STEMS

Old English Roses twine up the wall
Cinder blocks holding the hill in place
Steps that come down the center.
Deep maroon petals with sharp thorns
Yet fragrance pungent ~
Old tabby cat walks on by
Mother clipping her rose bushes
Lilacs, violets, irises need tending
With lily of the valley tucked nearby ~
Off in the distance are the crows
Floating, gliding in the cornfields
The pleasure of smelling the earth's perfume
After a thunderstorm
The heat upward steaming ~
Clipped stems, gather together
A bouquet to grace the table
At evening to give after dark
The pleasures of scented air.
Of these floral things I treasure.

INSIDE OUT

The day you compromise
Is the day you die
You turn inside out
And shut off the flow
Of who you are meant to be.

CUPID IS CRYING

Cupid is crying
His face is in his hands
His wings slumped.
Love is lost
And grown cold.
His arrows mean nothing.
For all the golden rule
For love's ardor
It is vapor in thin air ~
Cupid is crying
Watching the souls of men
Hate and kill each other.
In a race to conquer
In the name of peace
Destroying many.
The laurel wreath
Falls off his head
The flowers shrivel
They blow away ~
Cupid is crying
For love is lost
And is no more.

YOU ARE IN CONTROL

When the world is falling apart
All around you
And people are dropping like flies

And hysteria rules in peoples lives …
Realize … You are in control.
When people are struck with fear
And catastrophe after catastrophe strikes
They run around in shock
Cannot handle what is happening
Or what is coming …
You are to be still
And know that I am God.
Realize … I am in control.
Yeah Jesus, though the world were
To fall apart all round me,
And the mountains were to fall
Into the oceans …
I will yet praise Thee …
For you are my high tower,
My strength in time of need.
It is to the shelter of your wings
That I go under.
For I do realize …
You are Sovereign Father,
And You are in control.

RESTORE YOURSELF

My friend you are drifting
Slowly drifting away –
And you are so preoccupied
You don't believe it is happening.
Where you once stood

You are no more
Ask yourself how it happened
You will not like what you hear.
Our love grows cold
When we take our focus
Off whom means the most
And place it on “other things”.
Don’t deceive yourself
And say it will never happen
For then you are turned over
Your pride blindly leads you away.
I ask for Heaven’s sake
That you stop and return where
You once were, repent –
Restore yourself
Before the great falling away.

FINISH TO WIN

The time for games is over
We are not children anymore
Strengthen yourself in the Word
Gird up your lions with Truth.
A line has been drawn
In the sand.
I am separating sheep and goats
You should discipline others
You should be exhorting the Word.
Know who you serve
And serve Him well.

Time of laughter is gone
Much sorrow and tribulations
Is to come upon the saints.
Be counted worthy
To suffer for my names' sake.
I call for a Bride
Without spot or blemish.
I allow suffering to purify you.
I use Satan to buffet you
To crucify your flesh
So you will turn to me.
Pray to be county worthy
To endure to the end.
Games are over,
This is a race
One you must finish to win.

SACRIFICE FOR ME

Long brass spikes
Did impale thee
To the tree –
Sharp thorns punctured
Your skull deep
This you were crowned –
Stripped of your clothing
Whipped, mocked, slapped
A purple cloak you were gowned –
Visions in your head
While helplessly you bled

Forgiveness you prayed –
Two thieves, one each side
You Thy Holiness they did deride
And still one strayed –
No man can comprehend
That history altering day –
And I can only cry
When I think of Thee
When I pray –
For me! For me!
You died! You rose –
It is finished, you accomplished
Thy grace is sufficient for me
They blood on Calvary
Your sacrifice on the tree.

THEY FLOAT UPWARDS

Overrun with dandelions
A lawn becomes a field
Red wing black birds shrill
Fledglings flit about in tow.
Harmony, unity, blend
From land, trees, clouds
And all on the earth.
Simple things spill forth
For my eye to drink in
Not enough hours in a day
Too quickly it erases.
At the mercy of the weather

All of us roll up
In warm splendor.
I tie up my thoughts
Of you – I release them
They float upward.
And alone I stand
Windblown, erect
Pillar in the field
Of hopes and dreams.
The grass is my pillow
I lay down to contemplate
Beyond the Emerald Throne
To that great City.

IF STONES COULD TALK

Out in the field stands
The remains of an old stone wall.
Vines have grown over it,
Dirt, trees breaking through
Here and there.
You wonder who made it
Took the time to stack
All the stones
What kind of purpose
That wall had served.
And it still is standing
All this time later.
It has long since been abandoned
Yet is shows forth.

I am drawn to sit on it,
Touch the stones
And think back to
An earlier time.
If only these stones could talk,
What would they say?

MEASURE OUR DAYS

“So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom”;
“Father, make me to know mine end,
and the measure of my days, what it is,
that I may know how frail I am”.
We mortal men live On earth as though forever
We learn the ways of man
Forgetting there’s nothing we can
Do without the Father.
Mere mortals take life for granted
As though their lineage will stay
They toil and sweat, For material wealth,
Only to be given away. When you rush to be older
To make your mark in the world,
Searching for they not know what –
The eternal within is knocking
And they need to let Him in.
Let us search for wisdom
For Jesus to show us our end
The measure of our days So we’d mend our ways.
(Psalm 90:12; Psalm 39:4)

LULLABY

Lay your head on your arm
Close your eyes and drift
Sleep little one, sleep
Pleasant thoughts in your head
As angels watch nearby.
Sheltered you are from
The war that wages without
In peace you are kept.
Battles are fought
That you know not of
For your well being.
Rest my little one, rest,
For now all is well.
Soon enough
Tomorrow will come
With all its troubles.

SETTLED

Beautiful days of blue
Lush green and warmth
Humming vibration of the earth
I walk into your beauty
Not tainted by man.
Pristine emerald hues
In the wooded glen
Kisses of the morning dew.
Fragrance of flowers in bloom

Blades of grass so alive –
Barefoot my feet tickle.
To lay looking up
Seeing the branches reaching up
Creak and sway in the wind
Clouds crown you above.
Eyes closed I feel settled
My roots run deep in you.

ASPIRE

See the vision in your mind
Know it can be done
Do not let the dream die
Live to see it become reality.
Be faithful in little things
Soon you will do greater –
Don’t give up your dedication
Stay true no matter what
Remain true to the dream
You will bring it forth To give it life.
Never let another rob you
Of your goals and visions
Guard them with your life.

THE QUILTER

Yards of fabric, thread
Sit and trace for hours
Plan the colour scheme

Cut the squares needed.
Patiently plan the pattern
Row upon row is sewn.
Added together,
The pattern emerges.
Something from nothing
I work with what I have.
I never know the ending
Until it is complete.
Hours hunched over
The sewing machine,
Then up to dawn the face
Spread out the backing
Batting then face.
Pinned together first
The border is sewn.
Spread it now level
And square by square
Sit and tie tack it through.
The backing sets the frame
As a picture well does.
It draws the eye in
To the face itself.
I am the Quilter –
This is what I do for you.
(Tribute to Melody my sister
who taught me how to quilt)

BOOKS

No one can walk
In another man's shoes
They cannot erase mistakes
Those are badges we wear.
Walking, living books
We are read of all.
We confuse words for actions.
We are not what we say
We are who we live to become.
A man of silence
Is a well read book.
His wisdom is superior.
Teach by actions rather than words.
I knew a pond once
Its surface was as glass
The perfection bothered me.
I threw stones in it
To see it ripple,
And echo it did –
This book was clanging symbols
Many words yet hollow.
The spider spins its web
It lays pearls of dew
To entice it's prey,
Some books pull you in
To die alongside the author –
The pages do bleed,
The words smudge.

By each title is a name
Recorded inside the book
Are the secrets lived.
As a hand in a pail of water
Removed with no trace
These are the rare pages,
Those once read –
Walking, living books.

CLIMB

Rock on rock
Tree roots surfacing
Uphill incline
A four mile trek
To the top.
The view breath taking.
The trail is a hard climb today
Much rain has washed
The dirt in many places.
Permafrost shows itself
Still snow and ice.
Windy, cold, exhausted
I relish the rest and view.
Nothing can compare
To this summit. I sit by the cairns
Feeling like a sentinel
I made it – Victory.
(When I climbed Mt. Mansfield)

AWAY

Away I have been for so long
Nothing looks the same anymore
How I try to look for the familiar.
There is a place in all of us
That goes further, out of reach
And that is untouchable of others.
The rain keeps falling
The ground drinks
Growth, movement, flourish.
And how I wish it was a part of me.
I was walking through a door
A one sided mirror
I can look back
But never reenter there again.
Death crossed over with me
The day I walked through.
My voice is not heard
My presence is not seen.
How I try to look for the familiar.
All I see through these eyes
Is newness not touched
A place where no feet have walked.
And so I must go.
(Dead to the world, Alive in Him)

JANITOR

Her hair in a silver pixie
Dressed retro 1970's
Black pants and belt
With rivets in them –
Tall black boots to match.
She pushes the 32 gallon
Trash barrel on wheels
Comes desk to desk
Exchanges jokes, laughs
Collects our trash.
On breaks she sits
Crochet, knit –
She will also show us
The Jewelry she makes
Selling them for Christmas gifts.
Keeps the place spotless
Kitchen, floors, toilets too
Wash, wax, dust, mop
Vacuum like the wind –
This is our lovely Debbie.
(Loving Memory of Debbie Gabaree – we miss you)

LEGACY

Often we look to others
For our value, self-worth.
We look to acquire

It through wealth
Through our work ethic.
How misguided we get
To look to the directs of others
You only know your heart,
You worth is within.
Most waste their time
They think not on value –
True value.
Generations come and go.
With a passing elder
Goes a pillar of strength.
Buried with them
Goes their ways, wisdom.
The true strength of a man
Is what remains
What he was known as.
We all have self-worth
The question is
Do you value yourself?
With honest integrity?
Forget the measures of society
That matters not
Where are the concerns of the heart.
We can chase the wind
Illusions, dreams, fantasies,
It all is nothing.
But a man's true value
Is within his soul.

Once you have anchored that
You can branch out
Into a solid tree
With deep roots
That will go down
Into the lives of others.
You legacy will become
All that you have left,
Not taken.

RELISH

Lean back under the tree
The warm sunlight on you.
The wind tassels the leaves
You smell rain in the air.
To be free as a bird
No restraints.
To glide on the wind
Land on a branch of green.
To build a nest in the sky
Scout in circle for food.
Landing you fluff
In a puddle.
You grace the morning with song
I hear all varieties
Call each other by name
You gather at the feeding pole
With such Joy.
And such simple pleasures

As a summer's day and breeze
I relish them so.
It is the rewards of summer
After a harsh winter.

SONG ON THE WIND

The sky cries
The wind howls forth
Words of anguish and remorse ~
The land is forgotten
The balance of earth and sky
Is lost to mankind ~
He forgot he is but clay
Boastful words he speaks
The heat dries the clay ~
Parched are his words
He speaks no more ~
It is the rain that falls
Gently giving new life
The land sweeps with emotion ~
The wind whispers through
What stands in her way
Sacred words with no footprints
A song on the wind.

I HOLD TRUE

Only one go around
No second chance

So put your best foot forward
Creatures we are, here to learn
How to love and treat one another
Careful how your heart burns.
Easy to lose your focus –
To drift aimlessly away.
Oh look up
From where you came –
“Know I hold all things
I protect my own
Others who mock
I remove my hedge
Let them be consumed.
I say, know that I AM”.
Only one go around
I know who holds life
I put my foot forward in faith
I want to know love
I want to follow his ardor
I told true –
And drift no more.

DIVIDE

I
Understand you,
You are above.

SMELL OF HAY

Heavy clouds of rain
Rumbling thunder on stone
Lightning strike
Off I run for cover
The barn is stale, musty
Straw old with age
All abandoned long ago.
Boards give way to light
Vulnerable I watch
Lightning strike again.
Ever so close warm breath
On damp skin
Rain soaked clothes
In the dark the sky lights up.
Captured I stay put
Fate has given me
Presentation I consume.
Thinking of then
I still smell hay in my hair
And feel gratitude,
A smile on my face.

LIKE EVE

Walk into the forest dense
Come to a circle open
Overhang tree boughs
The floor carpeted with pine needles.

Hemlock, pine, oak and birch
And the cherished aspen –
Stand up tall and leaves shimmer
Canopy of blue shrouds your tops.
Gorgeous maples reaching out
Stretching upwards –
Leaves change, change –
Green, yellow, reds crimson –
Set afire blazing the trail
Acorns crunch underfoot.
Pungent, sweet leaf decay
From this springs new shoots
Life is swaying, humming, moving.
Birds flit branch to branch
The wind twirls around my frame
I wrap my cloak tighter.
The air pulls up old leaves
Airborne and circling.
Elated I feel reborn
Like Eve in the garden once more.
Truly the earth and I are one.

THE WHEEL

Like the cog of a wheel
Mechanisms of a watch
The teeth interlock and turn
In opposing directions.
Others go back and forth

Like a pendulum.
Some pieces are so minute
Yet they hold the key.
And without the spring
They all lock up and stop.
So we are
Interdependent with one another.

GLUE

Structure holds the key
For you and I
Lest we come undone
Unity no more
But endless sorrow.

SNOW FALL

The sun is shadowed
By a snow shower.
A huge cloud of white
Touching from sky to ground
Flakes fly through the air.
They land and melt
On your face and eyelids.
Cool breeze blows them
In your hair
Gently they float
And pile on the ground.
The coldness

Makes your nose pinch together
Your breath goes out
Like steam from a vent
And the sun is a
Huge white circle
Surrounded with more white.
Only your footprints
In the snow
Show where the sky ends
And the ground begins.
The silence is welcomed
To the ears.
Just the crunch of
Your walking greets you.

EARTHQUAKE

One huge land mass
Three million dwell there
One coast to another
We feel it as one.
Woken as if on a roller coaster
Solid structures ripped,
Objects shattered, tossed –
Dazed, in shock
Fear for what's next.
Frantic, helpless I look around
Nothing seems safe.
I look for cover
From dangerous falling objects.

An eternity passes,
When will it hit again?
Time turns hellish
People walking outside staying
Standing in the streets,
Waiting for more of the same.
April 4, 2010, 7.2 magnitude,
April 5, 2010, 5.1 aftershock
They keep coming…
(California, USA; Matthew 24
the beginning of sorrows)

VOLCANO

Black rain
Volcanic ash
Voices, muffles –
Sulfur rising.
Rise to higher elevations
Cleaner air
The earth opens up –
Self dissolves. Memories gone
Buried for centuries Under new rock.
The sun becomes the moon –
Dark, drifting ash.
You will not be forgotten.
Your memory
Will live forever.
(In memory of civilizations destroyed by Volcanoes)

ROUTINE

Routine is a man made word
For a perfect world
Where everything stays the same
But in real life
That's not the case
Much change with much pain.
You hold up your end real good
And walk the golden mile
Some days aren't so nice
You know what I mean
You can't even pull up a smile.
Erratic is the way to go
Flow in any direction
With what comes to you
Routine is a thing of the past
There is now nothing that you have to do.
After a while of aimless meandering
It all seems so pointless to me
That we should just walk and bump
Into anybody that you can see.
Manmade words are sometimes necessary
To keep us all in line
So I will stick with what works for me
Routine works just fine.

(The structure of obedience is necessary)

GARDEN

Beating of wings, angelic
Kiss the morning light
With dew sparkling
On grass so fresh
A magnificent sunlight
With rays beaming
Life awakens.
Morning glories, birds
A rabbit across the yard
And set foot across
To my garden bench
Where I soak in the morning
With my coffee for the day.
Birds eating worms
Flowers opening up
Fragrance rising upward
Pleasant memories invoking.
This is my breakfast hour
That none shall take away.

PONDER THIS

Why swim in the ocean of deceit
When you can walk
In truth and righteousness?

SUDDENLY

It often takes the unexpected
To realize what you have,
You have taken for granted.
Every now and then
Life throws you a surprise
It catches you off guard
You say so surreal
You move in shock.
For a moment you are in limbo
Before your adrenaline kicks in.
And then –
It happens.
Everything happens –
Fast.
At a very clipped pace
Many things from all angles
Come at you at once
And you stumble through it
Till it ends – it stops.
And once at a stop
You say
Oh My Lord!
How close, oh how close!
And gratitude seizes your soul
To be alive yet another day
With those you love.

OWNERSHIP

We all work so hard
To obtain things
To have a place of our own.
But really, do we own?
Or rather, do we but manage?
To say I can own something
Is really not true.
One must work hard
Giving up time loss
To earn wages to pay
To have ownership.
And one must work hard
To pay to maintain ownership.
Yet in “owning”
One is a slave
To all taxes and up keeps.
It is better to say that
We all manage things
That eventually will
Slip through our fingers.
Ownership is when
You do not have to work to maintain.
Ownership is acceptance
Of who you are
And what you become.
Ownership is to things
That are not material,
And cannot be taken away.

We can change our venue
Our variety of temperament
But never really delete
Ownership of character
For that is who we are.

REFLECTION

As people get older
They magnify who they are.
It seems the larger the deficit
The more blind they become.
Reflection can be dangerous
If through the optics of illusion.
All men must succumb
To leadership of others.
Equality is but a term
Tossed around for civility.
People are manageable
As long as they believe the illusion.
Once self awaking occurs
People have learned to question
This is most fearful
To powers that control.
Civil disobedience is not wanted
It must be avoided.
Self deception is just
Another means of one coping
With dissatisfaction in ones life.
If one can reflect in honesty

With acceptance, they have peace,
With rejection, you have rebellion.
So reflection must be
Portrayed for others
As what to believe
To avoid resistance.
Many are too busy
To care less.
It is in old age
One can reflect with regret
Age robs you of youth
And passion to resist.
This explains leadership's
Portrayal of reflection,
And the use of it
To control others.

THE PERFECT DAY

The sun goes down
On the remains of the day.
Temperatures drop back down
The bird feeders are emptying
I lay here curled up
Contemplating.
Shrubs already in blossom
Light buds to full flowers
Sky such a cold blue
Water still standing in the field
My eyes give way

To sleep they yield.
Such a lovely day
Too quickly it's gone by
Shared with a bosom friend
Lifted up in spirits
The sun has gone down
The day light comes to an end.
If I could put in a bottle
All the wonders felt today
To relive yet another time
But that cannot be
So I retire for now
And will add it to my memory.

GRATITUDE MAY I EXPRESS

Gratitude may I express
For favor undeserved
Provisions not asked for
Comforts of life that others don't have.
Thankful
For your governing my life
With favor, honor, happiness
For companions of ernest
Honest and integrity.
For work given for my hands to do
Talents that bless others
For a light load and easy burdens
For a network of support
And encouragement of friends.

You are my heart, my life.
Lord Jesus,
For that I express my gratitude.

FALL NOT IN LOVE WITH THE WORLD

Go and sin no more in thought
Word or deed.
We must walk in the Holy Spirit.
We have no time frame, only today.
When I close my eyes I take for granted
I will wake, that everything
Will be the same.
Reality is that it changes.
There are no guarantees.
Are we so in love with
The world and sin, we find
Comfort in them?
How sad to forget we
Are spiritual beings in a physical world.
We can never be totally happy here.
The only joy that lasts is in Jesus.
When we fall in love with the world
We sin against ourselves
And the purpose of our being.
Fall not in love with the world
Or the things of the world,
For all of this is passing away.

PERHAPS…

We didn't always get along
You and I
Too much alike
In so many ways –
No more antagonize
Rather work together
For a common good.
Both talented but raised differently –
Different spectrums as it were.
But now we found a common ground
The love of verse and poetry.
I have such empathy for you
Your growing up
Your struggles even now
Yet I do admire your inner beauty –
That which you are too shy to show.
You have qualities that
Are deep and rare
Often misunderstood.
At times
I see your inner heart weep -
And others your soul sing.
Our swords have been forged
Into pens of peace –
Quills of verse.
The power of thought
To converse wonderfully
Where words fail.

Perhaps we are more alike
Than either of us could ever admit.

SQUARES OF BLUE

Square of blue
All different
Many jeans and designs
Cut up and sewn together
And tie tacked.
When done make a quilt.
When I look at the sea of blue
All the many shades of colour
I think of people, humans
The souls of men.
How we are all different
Yet when together make a whole.
Some squares are new, others old
Some bright, others faded
Textures from the thick
Thin to soft.
All got that way by being
Worn of the owner.
Humanity has warmth, character
When we learn from one another
And work as one.
So much can be accomplished
When we allow others
To gather us
Into the wholeness of their lives,

We become a blanket
Unified from love.

I WENT FOR A WALK

I went for a walk today –
I saw, felt and touched
A slice of heaven.
How I wish I could remain
Within that moment
But it is not to be so.
On this side of life it cannot be
But once I finish what I started here
I then can walk over there.
For the moment
I was caught up in
There was nothing but being one
With the nature I was walking in.
No demands, commitments, obligations,
No sense of time in fact.
And I felt exalted as though
This was the true essence of being alive.
This is how we are meant to be
Unfettered, and unrestrained.
I went for a walk today –
I saw, felt and touched
A slice of heaven.

RAIN

Sitting here listening to the rain fall
Tears from heaven.
We have all lost our way.
The world is covered in darkness
All the rain can't lift the stain within it.
There is something about the sound
Of rain falling,
It reminds one of finality
The end of something.
It brings to mind
Emptiness and yieldedness.
Cold and damp I think
As I clutch my jacket
Around my neck tighter.
Rain can revive thirst
It can drown, cleanse.
But the sound of it
In the darkness
Reminds me of an hour glass
Emptying itself to the last
Grain of sand, and then
Quiet, nothing.
Yes, God even talks to us
In the rain.

SCALES OF TIME

Of all things I still stop and ponder
The present moment…
Of many moments gone by
And the likeness of none other…
Today the scales have tipped…
And I wish to cash in
And sleep on time past spent.
Nature has a way of making one feel safe
Whole and healthy
And of not aging but being one
In a cycle of creative life.
My energies are better suited
For today I pace myself much slower.
All actions eventually slows to a stop
All events come to an end.
It is the pausing one appreciates them
All the more.
Sunshine is wonderful
When shared with someone else
The warmth giving strength and peace.
The rays have a way of making
One shines a nice brown
And fill your bones with hope and joy.
Time is but scales
Held in the hand of the Master.
Everyone's time is of different lengths.
How I wish to catnap through it,
If I did I'm afraid I will miss something.

When one gets older it is acceptance
To shed your old skin
And stay in the shape you are.
Acceptance that we cease to be
But our works follow us.
I am grateful that in the scales of time
Are included the people who have
Made an impression,
Left their imprint on my heart,
Gave me another way of thinking,
Such are you.

I AM HERE

When life seems hard
And you feel it isn't fair
The pain is overwhelming
Thoughts are reeling
Know that I will be there.
The world can be crazy
And a very unsafe place
With people in your face
Invading your personal space
Take heart my friend
Know that I will be there.
We live half a globe away you say
And how can what you say be true?
Just think about knowing this
You have a family near and far
We are your support in time of need

Distance has nothing to do with it you see.
Take heart my friend
Know that I am here.
I can feel your emotions,
Your heart spilling over with tears
I know your uncertainties
And I know your fears.
We live on the same earth
We believers share each others pain.
Just know this my friend
I am here, I am here
And I will lift you in prayer.

TREES REACH UP

Trees reach up
And so do I
To praise God
By and by
Tell me now, how lovely!
Fruit of the tree
We must bear
For if we are empty
We will be burned.
So I ask you –
What does your tree bear?
Is it fruit lovely on the vine?
Or a bare branch to be removed?
Jesus can't say
Thou art mine

If you bear not
The fruit of the vine.
The trees reach up
And so do I
To praise God
By and by.

GROW IN STATURE

Each of us with our
Own circumstances
Rules to be measured by
Ways to compare,
Yet doing so
We rob ourselves.
When we stop comparing
Competing among ourselves
We are set free
To be who we each
Individually are meant to become.
The world is a trap
You can get caught in it
And never know
Your full potential.
You must open
The eyes of your soul
Cease to conform to others
Give yourself permission
To grown into the stature of Jesus
Who you are to become.

PRAYER

When the illusion is more real than reality,
Then you have lost your way.
One must shatter the illusion to see truth.
Life is busy, fast paced, consuming.
You are a pilgrim on earth passing through.
You are to learn growth through what you create.
Do not fall in love with your creations
Or those around you.
Fall in love with the truth, Jesus.
You have a keen sense of spirit.
I made you that way.
You are spirit in a physical world.
Your vision is my gift
To stay connected to me,
Spirit and Truth.
Develop your vision through prayer
And worship to me,
I am the Lord Thy God,
You are my beloved child.
Do not lose sight of that.

LIFE IS A JOURNEY

Life is like toilet paper
It unrolls a little slow at first
But once you get going
You lose track
It goes by way to fast.

The point is
Have fun tearing the roll down
Till you get to the end.
Life is a journey
Have fun while getting there.

THE TREE

In the woods are many trees
Of various kinds
Some soft wood, some hard
Some with leaves, others not.
All different yet compliment one another.
Woods are woods, mingled and united.
When a tree gets old, it falls.
In its place is a shaft of light,
Room for others to grow up into.
Others drop seeds that grow into new ones.
With the wind they bend and creek.
Their leaves rustle and glisten.
Their roots run deep, making them strong.
If you don’t stand still
You will miss it,
The singing of the trees,
The clapping of their branches
The raising of their limbs
To God the Most High.
I can say my friend Jesus
Was a Majestic Tree,
One not to be forgotten.

We can all grow in the light he gives.

BEAUTIFUL TO ME

Thou art beautiful Oh Lord
Maker of the morning
Rising of the sun
Fullness of a day.
Thou art beautiful oh Lord
Maker of the birds that
Are a wonder on the air
Showman of the thunder
And majestic lightning
Maker of snowflakes
Each wonderfully different.
Creator of the Universe
The Milky Way, the Galaxies.
I am in awe of thee
For the wonder of life
For creation made for me
And the joy of our fellowship
Truly, Majestic Infinite One
Thou are beautiful to me.

CHOOSE

Choose to turn the other cheek
Choose to walk in love
Choose to sacrifice for the kingdom
Choose to forget wrongs done

Choose to find good in all
Choose to give words of life
Choose to treat all people equal
Choose to walk in holiness
Choose to perform the Word of God
Choose to bless the body of believers
Choose to die to your old nature
Choose to live as a new creature
Choose to heal the wounds
Choose to listen with patience
Choose to walk the extra mile
Choose, yes chose
So that you may be the light.

KNOW FOR WHOM YOUR HEART BURNS

These are the days
Which the prophets told about
Much distress is soon to come
Global upheaval like never before.
Many will faint in heart
Fear will grip and destroy
All who are hopeless
Who have no faith.
Even those who believe
Must anchor themselves
In their hope.
Individuals will have to choose
Will have to stand.
Selfishness, greed rob hearts

Crushing their eternal light.
There is no place to hide
No escaping it.
Strengthen yourselves
We are entering with no return.
For whom does your heart burn?
Blood shed knows no bounds
There spirit is eternal,
It will live forever.
Know for whom your heart burns.
(Let no man deceive you, pray that you
may endure to the end, strengthen yourselves
all the more in prayer as you see the day coming)

A WORD

My children how I weep
How I lament you are asleep
And destruction is upon you.
How you have fallen
You have lost your first love
The rudiments of the earth
Have enraptured your heart
You have forgotten me
Jesus Your Lord.
I do not desire for any to perish
Yet you choose your rebellion
Over my way of love and obedience.
Terror of such magnitude
Will suddenly destroy

Thou are hated, despised
Many are against you
Many within your own borders,
You will be as lambs to slaughter.
There is no place to hide, only in me,
Prepare your hearts, come into my presence
On your face, seek the hiding place
Under my wings
For I protect only my own,
Only those who are separate to me.
My children how I weep, how I lament
This doesn't have to be so
You do not have to perish
If you will only come to me
Before the hour is here.
You have deadened my voice
You have seared your conscience
And now you are but the walking dead.
I cannot protect you.
I have never abandoned you
But you have deserted me.
Come before it is too late.
Before it is too late,
And I shall plead no more.
(Psalm 91:1-4)

A MOTHER'S QUEST

What love has a mother
For her child.

How she will stand
For what is best,
Allow nothing unfit
To touch them.
She will search for answers
When there seems none,
She will continue on
When others give up,
She will make do
With what she has.
A mother's quest
For truth,
For what remains,
What endures.
She will not stop
When told to give up.
She will continue on until
She has peace in her soul,
When she has finished
What she set out to do,
Such is a mother's quest.

MY TREASURE

The heavy back door open,
Cooing of mourning doves
Waifs in the air
The squeaky hinge of their wings
As they take flight.
The golden beam of afternoon

Before dusk sets in
The moisture forms dew
On the ground
Brings evening chill.
Life happening, moving
Minutes click away
The earth is humming
People have settled down
The night shift wakes
Business fades.
These are my treasures
I store away
To draw from
When white death
Blankets all motion.

GUIDANCE

So many people are joyless
They have much materially
Yet are depleted spiritually.
They are the walking wounded.
Life we have no control over
But choices we do.
When we know we cannot control life
We stop going against
And start working with destiny.
Many seek enlightenment
And never find it.
You will find that knowledge

Without wisdom is foolishness.
So is enlightenment without
Understanding.
This just brings much confusion.
When one stops searching
Then they find
Answers manifest without effort.
It is in being still
In the Peace of The Lord,
That you will find guidance.
There is Joy in each of us.
We just have to see it
By the Holy Spirit.

BEWARD LEST YOU FALL

Joy was alive
When I was reborn
How contagious I felt
And over the years
Life has brought wear
To the place where I once dwelt.
What once was vibrant
And overflowing
Had tapered down to a trickle
And that I thought right
And was the norm
In my maturity being fickle.
Then I heard a brother
Speak the truth of the Word

I felt the touch of God
I was quickened, touched anew
The Spirit was fully restored.
So it is true what is written
For our admonition
To truly take to heart,
Beware lest you fall
It is so subtle,
So we must do our part.
For the Word says endure
Remain strong in me
I will keep you alive
Let your roots go down
Very deep in my Word
And you shall conquer and survive.

SET FORTH

I have been set free
This flower has been plucked
For the Master's vase
No more shall my petals
Crown the grassy knoll
I know not what to expect
When the future does change
Beyond my imagination
I hope that day of
My crowning touch
Is one of great love
Surrounded by those I follow

Let us exalt Him who is worthy
For He has chosen this flower.

CLEANSE

Love comes in many ways
And so I know
Acceptance is hard
Of differences not embraced
Putting self aside
Love what's not your own
Understanding is required.
To hold others as important
Not at arms length
Rather pull to your bosom
Heal the poison in your soul.
To hate is a death wish
Cut the cords and be free.
As light to darkness
Each can obtain.
What has not life
I choose to throw away.
Cleanse your soul
Take the stone
Out of your heart.
The light is pure
It will heal you
So you can heal others.
Be reborn from above.

TRUE WEALTH

One can measure wealth
And still be poor.
I knew a rich man once
His wealth seemed endless
Anything he needed he bought
He never went without
Pleasures and more.
And I knew a poor man
He worked so hard to just get by,
His children loved him so
They were constantly mocked
And laughed at.
The boys even wore girls jackets
Rather than freeze.
Their clothes had holes
Their house was finally condemned.
The father died,
The kids were passed on.
Years later it seemed
All the rich kids squandered
The wealth that was earned.
And the poor children
All worked and made a go of it.
There were there for each other.
If there was a need they would all pitch in.
The rich man died.
The world called him wonderful names,
The children fought over his will.

He was too busy amassing a fortune
His children grew past him,
And he died alone.
One can measure wealth
And still be poor,
One could live poverty and be wealthy.
The lesson –
Never be envious of rich men
Consider their end –
Live for today and be the better for it.

I CREATE UPON

Hand over my eyes
Block out the light
Another work day is ended.
Horizontal bed feels wonderful
Buzz in my ears of the furnace.
My mind is a blank,
A content relaxed no noise blank.
Ears still decompressing
Constant buss in them till it fades.
Recapturing moments like snapshots
In my head of the day,
How quickly it turns to night time.
Myself once removed
My private space is who I am
And endless Joy of dreams,
Aspirations to dwell upon.
Such moments precious as they are

Reassess my goals
These are the things
I create upon
With new visions,
And old ones complete.

HOAX OF SUMMER

I was told it was summer
The calendar says the same
But I find it hard to believe
With all this much rain.
No need to worry about drought
Or of anything not being green
It’s just the temperature is not warm enough
To sunbathing be seen.
I worked hard in my garden
Waited too long for it to come up
But now it is overgrown with all these weeds
Green mold on the soil
Knots of greens mixed of every kind
Where the veggies are,
Never mind!
I was told it was summer
More like autumn it feels
And only two more months
We will be there,
Frost in the air.
I was told it was summer
The hoax, okay

I've had enough
Take all this rain back
Give me some sun
Please…
Before the two months later is here
And autumn has begun.

MY LIFE ON THE FARM

Mom and Dad they are to me. How I think of all the love in raising a family of eight. Endless nights of staying up, worrying about the kids. Fun willed weekends on the farm long ago. The men haying stopping for a break, homemade lemonade from the pitcher with some of moms fresh baked goods. There would be corn cutting, and gathering up the Rye fields, getting it in for the cows. Out all day till dusk, doing first cut of haying. Then there would be running the tetter machine, turning the hay to dry, and baling it afterwards. Yes those old hay wagons pulled behind the baler. And the milking parlor at three am and again at four pm. Finally dinner at six pm.

At the picnic table with two long benches and two chairs. Dad would sit at one with his hat on the back of his. We would wait for him to say grace. Mom would serve all the men first, mending and ironing to do. And the occasional homemade ice cream to churn.

For fun Dad would take us three youngest fishing at night. With poles and kerosene lantern in hand we headed for the cove, the mouth of the Winooski River. We'd fish for bull pout. They would love to bite at night. We would tend to leave them in mom's old double scrub sink in the cellar.

When she found them she would scream at us, upon which we would immediately gut and clean them. The fish were good fried up in corn meal.
We would ride the ponies down back towards the berry patches. We'd pick black caps. If we got enough mom would bake us our own pie. How motivated we were. When mom wasn't looking, we'd pick concord grapes off the arbor and eat them. Once a summer we would have a get together with some, not all of our relatives. Out of dad's eleven siblings, three would show up with their families. We'd have eight picnic tables by the apple trees out back. Eight kids, twelve kids and seven kids, with six adults. Food served was corn on the cob, hot dogs, pies. We ate well on
those occasions. And we all thought nothing of it. Get up and go non stop till you went to bed at night. They were hard days, but ones filled with honor and pride. And we were a family. And my parents, how I thank and love them so for it.

I HOPE ONE DAY

Sad eyes speak to me
Of having lived and seen enough
They plead to me
They ask of me
A relief for the sorrow
They ask for hope
They ask for new life
Yet they accept and resign
Themselves to the life they have
A slow death is such my friend

One of feeling no change
Nor pursing it anymore.
One of living in the chamber
Of silent lament ~
Sad eyes speak to me
And I look back with a knowing
With a love for life
And a love for you
Hoping that you could find
Also the peace that I have
To strengthen you
To give you hope
And give you new life.
They eyes are the windows
Of the soul
And yours my friend show sorrow
I hope one day they reflect
Life with change anew.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only one
Door, way, bridge
To Paradise my friend
It is Jesus Christ alone
So drop the weight, burden
Yield and drop your stone ~
For the truth in the Son
Jesus is the way
The truth and the light

Many will claim the same
But not the fame
Of resurrection and eternal life ~
Man tires to earn his way
Make it on his own
Walking under the burden
The weight of his stone
When there is already a way
One he could claim today ~
Jesus is not a religion
He is a way of life
To live the Word of God
Being Spirit led
This is the only one
It is Jesus His Son.
(John 3:16-17; John 14:6)

MAGNITUDE

Crawl out of that pit
One of drowning despair
Count your blessings
No matter how small
It will change your life
Your attitude in all you view
No longer will it be askew ~
Hang onto every kindness
Every word and deed done
That you are a recipient of
Let the magnitude of the small

Endlessly grow upon
Your gratitude for much
This your soul will touch.
(Philippians 4:8)

I AM COMING

I am coming
Be not like the world
Scoffing and mocking
When you least expect it
I will come
You know not when
The day or the hour
It is not what you think
For it is appointed once
For a man to die
He knows not that day
It is then that I come
Live soberly, righteously
Shake off all that offends
Let your conduct be holy,
For it is only such
That I will return for.
The hour is late my beloved
I am not like the world
And neither should you be
Cling onto me
Be the redeemed
A witness to the lost

Of my love for a dying world
Be the reason for hope
Yes, I am coming
You know not when.
(1 Thessalonians 5:1-11 *** the return of
Jesus is the resurrection of the dead)

FREELY TO ALL

I have the words of life
No one else has
This is my Word
Read it and learn of me
Without knowing me
You cannot enter the kingdom
For the Word and me
Are the same
I have given you all things ~
Our Father which art in Heaven
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven
You can live this life now
While on earth through me ~
I am the Living Word
To know me is to
Know my Word,
Live my Word.
My Word is truth
I give it freely to all

Who come to me ~
I imparted to you my Spirit
To guide and lead you
I am with you in all things
I walk with you now
conqueror
To the Father through me
My child grow in me
My love will shield you
~ Jesus.

BEING WITH YOU

Family ~
The most beautiful word
Do we really know this?
Life ~
It is time in a frame
To be lived but once
Do we cherish this?
Love ~
The expression of our being
The fullness of meaning
Have we lived this?
You ~
Total summation of all things
Words cannot do justice
For you are life itself
Fellowship ~
The given privilege

To but express my heart
Which swells in your presence
Just being with you.

SEASONS

Truly it is something so simple
As spring time with sunshine
On the leaves so green on the twig
The newness of life leaps within
It helps one spring in their step ~
Rebirth all around us
From the frozen barren earth
To buds and blossoms
And as such so do we go through
These seasons of our own ~
Many a time we have had
The leaves die and fall
From the tree leaving its limbs bare
The harsh winter freezing everything
With the thought of it being
The end to all things ~
And then one day spring arrives
It thaws out all that was cold
In a day, in a moment
Life starts to come from death
And the excitement brings rejoicing ~
Singing catches us in the spirit
One of hope and joy
Our surroundings are changing

Lifting up our heavy hearts ~
I relish the sun in my soul
It radiates out the pain and sorrow
Replacing it with a knowing
That I am not alone
I have the strength to go forward.

GROW UP IN HIM

The word by itself is knowledge
The spirit does give wisdom to open
The two together are keys that unlock
They bring forth discernment and direction
Life comes forth off the pages
Spoken word becomes living word
It goes forth to perform to completion
Our lives are the pages that the spirit
Does write upon, and makes it happen
There is so much more above our understand
It is by being in His presence that
He gives us illumination in our being
We absorb his light, his glory
We watch the restoration of all things
Come and live within our beings
As we yield to the Master's touch
He brings about in us his perfection
His divine will is performed
We grow up in the stature and fullness of God
The scales fall off our eyes
We see in the spirit realm

Doubt plagues us no more
For faith directs our path
In the reality of his love and presence
Let us grown up in him
With the strong meat of the Word
Fulfilling our destiny he has given us.

CONNECT

Angels are sent to intervene
For mankind in times of distress
We are surrounded by the hosts of heaven
Daily we are viewed upon and recorded ~
Constantly the human condition wears us
We must refresh our spirits in the newness of light
Come up high unto the throne
With the joy of gladness and mercy ~
Our prayers are urgent messages
Sent on behalf of others
Swiftly angels are dispersed to answer
Prayers are never wasted, never ~
For they are eternal and echo forth
They are heard into the heavens
You have the power to receive help
As you utter your prayers to on high ~
The battle is not ours
For on the tree it was finished
Angels minister on our behalf
To the promises to which we claim ~
Know who you are in Jesus

And the power that is available to you
But mostly know that prayers determine everything
And without them we have nothing ~
Mostly we are to uphold others to the Father
And He will reward us in kind.
Angelic forces, army of ranks
Swirl about us in the spirit realm
Soon one day we will see and understand
In our new spirit bodies ~
Let us join the angels in our singing
Hymns and praises to God
For heaven is worship in spirit and truth.

BLESSED ASSURANCE IS NOW

You don't have to wish
Hope for the future
Your blessed assurance is now
Embrace the King's presence
He lives and we know Him
Life-beings new and fresh
He gives us beginnings
Alive with hope and peace ~
You fool yourself and miss it
You let salvation slip your grasp
For we live in Him now
Not in a future wish
Be alive and awaken
Throw off your grave clothes
Put on the garment of praise

Worship Him in the light
Let Him fill you up ~
Joy will overflow your heart
Love will shine in your eyes
Your life will be a testimony
That grace and mercy endures forever
Let us take hold of His garment
He will transform us, heal us
As we walk in obedience~
Bearers of the light
Carrying truth to all.

I HAD WRAPPED MYSELF

I had wrapped myself
With the cloak of pride
It blinded me to my faults
I thought I was above reproach
Then God humbled me ~
He saw fit to send me illness
I was forced to admit and ask
The help of others in my life
I had to accept my limitations
My health as become weak ~
Once I was arrogant
I felt invincible and self sufficient
Now I have yielded to Jesus
He is my strength and main stay ~
In his mercy he has shown
Me the conditions of my heart

In love and patience he changes me
Daily I turn to him for strength
I surrendered my ways ~
No longer leaning on my understanding
No longer dare I question God
And it is a process of humility
A great gift of Divine Mercy ~
I am but a mortal, flesh
Who has come to respect and love
The hand of God in all his ways
Now I understand the scripture ~
“For in my weakness is His strength”.

LOOK, LOOK O’ SAINT

The world has become
A grave to me
And all that is in it
I am dead to what I see
No longer feelings that are fleeting ~
Superficial ways of men
Have all lost their meaning
It is no longer I that lives
But Jesus in me ~
Re-birthed within me is new life
My home is in the Lord
My hope is to be with Him
Eternity calls me and I answered
In the book is my name written ~
Our yearnings but grow stronger

The more we immerse in him
For he is pulling us home
New Jerusalem we are bound
Look, look o' saint
Towards your reward.

KING ETERNAL

Royal blue and white raiment
Swaddling clothes adorn you
From you mother's robe
Tender and innocent you arrive
Crowned with straw and wood
Angels sing excelcious
Glory on High
Creation displays your majesty
The bright star adorns your birth
Animals bay and humble
The cradle in which you lay ~
Royal red and white
Blood and water did flow
From your side that was pierced
Your birth and your death
Proclaim rebirth and innocence
Your hands, feet and side
An eternal memorial
For those you died for
In humility and awe
I dwell in your love so deep ~
Royal and true are you

Born a King, died a Lamb
Forever reign King Eternal
And I shall never tire
Being in your presence Jesus.

THE GREAT PROVIDER

Be anxious for nothing
Know that I am God over all
I make a way where there is none
I prepare things for those I love
You must learn to trust me.
Lean on me for everything
I am to be your provider in everything
Lean not unto your own understanding
In all your ways trust in me
For I am the great provider.
I shall never fail you or leave you
Eradicate the root of doubt
From your spirit and soul
I am more than enough ~
Do you not know that?
You must learn to receive from me
All that I have for you
And it will be well with your soul.
Anxiety is but worry over much
When you have control over little.
When you realize you have no control
Then your trust will blossom and
Your anxiety will subside.

Look to me for everything
As you see the day fast approaching.
Come to me and I will give you the manna
For the day that approaches
Come eat of my word and of my bread
And share with the world my hope
That Jesus Christ is Sovereign over all
And saves all who are obedient to him.
Remember my child
Perfect love casts out all fear.

HINDSIGHT

Of a sad truth you can never
Go back in time to what was
You can revisit your past
But often will find it missing
Only memories can linger in your heart ~
You can never go back to the past
Or the familiar or secure
For change uproots, time eradicates
We can cherish what we have known
And be thankful for what we learned ~
With age we mature and grown beyond
Our infancy to that of adulthood
One can only mentor those who
Are youthful in heart
Uncultivated in life or its ways
To show wisdom to avoid misery ~
How we all have said on time –

“If I only knew then what I do now”
But hindsight is just that
And it only can show us this –
We are never in control ~
That is is God who sustains us
He even allows us memory so
That we may learn from it
And a cause to be grateful in the process ~
We have pilgrim shoes that walk
The earth and clouds to infinity
Hoping one day to rest with the Master
Let us trade our sorrow and happenstance
For Joy and confidence in our hope
The Lord Jesus, today and forever.

STILL SMALL VOICE

Truly there is nothing
New under the sun,
Mankind scurries here and there
As children to the market place
Excitement over many things
Yet there is nothing
New under the sun.
Each generation must find
For its own self the truth
Accept or reject it
There are many voices
One must listen for
That still small voice calling.

Our soul is sought constantly
For there is an enemy who wants it
Yet the Lord calls us
To be restored in Him
Beyond price is our redemption
For the world has nothing to offer,
For it is perishing and all in it.
Find that still small voice,
He will never fail you.

MASTER'S HAND

Humans love change
Yet they resist it.
There are times of testing
And then abandonment
Pottery after being cast on the wheel
Being thrown over again
Finally the clay can be shaped.
Once done without fault
It is put on the shelf to dry
It stays there till it is bone dry
Then it is glazed and loaded
Fired in a kiln furnace.
Anything left is burned out of it
In the fire of affliction.
Humans are like molded clay
To the Lord's touch
He sets us aside to die to self
Then he glazes us and fires us

To remove the last speck
Of self will till final surrender.
Out comes a beautiful vessel
One used for honor.
Let us be vessels of honor
Not those of dishonor
Know when you are on that self
You feel abandoned and alone,
You are in the Master's hand.

WE ARE PEARLS IN THE MAKING

The making of a pearl
Is the hardest task of all
For to send a grain of sand
To irritate the clam
It sits in its craw ~
Continuous a thorn in your side
The grain of sand embedded
In the muscle it does hide
As you fight against it
The muscle does become injured
A welt then a lump does rise
And after time the sand ~
You adapt without knowing to yourself
The sand and you are one
And merge the shining pearl
From all the persistent irritation
Comes a treasure sublime
One that many hunt for

To behold the beauty of
For the struggle has brought forth
A mirrored polished gem
Brought about by the pain endured ~
Are we not to seek that
Pearl of great price?
And are we not like the clam
Enduring all struggles and pains,
By our tasks to multiply our talents,
To bring forth a prize to lay
At the Master's feet?
We are all pearls in the making
Strung together as one body
Glorifying the Father's throne.

HUMILITY

I know nothing
Everything I do know
I was taught or learned
But knowledge is a revelation
I do not know its columns
The foundation of wisdom ~
In my humanity I struggle
With my foolish pride
Stubborn to change what I know
For a new truth shown me ~
I think it's not what we know
Rather our hearts reception
To what we are shown

Frail I struggle with things
To wonderful for me
It is easier to guard the familiar
Then to embrace the unknown ~
Faith is stepping out believing
Truth will show a way
Leading and guiding to change
When I accept my limitations
When I humble myself
Then I can receive knowledge
Which is meant for me ~
The Spirit guides, directs, protects
He talks to us through the Word
He deposits within us great measure
For success in all our ways
If I humble myself before Jesus
Then the heavens open to me.

NO LONGER YOUR OWN

Do not take upon yourself
Extra responsibilities
Only do that which I tell you
To do more is vanity ~
Do not meditate on anything
Other than my word
For you entertain the teachings of men
And open the door to deception ~
Do not seek the wisdom
Given by the world

For it is twisted and corrupt
Seek my wisdom
Which is foolishness to the world ~
Do not labor in vain
For the things temporal
Only a fool throws away
True wealth which is lasting
For the fleeting glimmer of promise ~
Guard your heart
No one can steal it from you
Unless you yield it to another first
Your heart belongs to me
It is not yours to give away
For I bought and paid the price
You are no longer your own
You belong to me ~
Do not take anything upon yourself
For you died and now
You are a new creature
No longer seek for yourself anymore
Rather seek the Father
And all truth will be manifested.

VALUE

I ask myself how does one value
And what is the meaning of it.
To have weight or meaning
To be needed of importance
All these things define

Yet there is value of another kind.
Value, the existence
That holds the key
Without it there is no need
No parts to put in motion
No growth to go forward
Value is completion
It spells success and assurance
For when I am done I have value.
Yet value has meaning even before
Value is weight of itself.
True value cannot be bought
Nor traded or diminished
Value is and always has been
Value always will be
It is the laws of existence
Set in motion by the Maker.
Value is beyond price
It goes to sacrifice paid
That can ever be repaid
True value is eternal
It shall never erase or disappear
Value adds never takes away,
And I ask myself
Do I have value?
And the answer is yes
For I have been bought and paid for
With a price, one of great Value.
And in so doing the purchaser has
Transferred His value unto me

For my value is now in Him
For now I am complete,
Yes, I have value.

TROWEL

As a mason with his trowel
Works the cement to a grade
Then he plies his trowel to the stone
For he is building and making
A wall so unique
It is his design alone ~
So the Father takes each of us
Works the cement to the right play
He applies his spirit in us
To make us pliable to use ~
The Father will spread our cracks
That need the balm of repair
He'll use his will
Bringing forth His word
To bind and repair our weaknesses
For in our weaknesses is his strength ~
I sit and watch the mason
His perfected skill to mend and repair
So does our heavenly Father
To each of us apply
And we are all members
Built up in one body
United and solidified in Him.

T & Y

Tomorrow
That elusive line
Of yesterday.

SEEDLINGS

I think of the seed that grows
Against all the odds it pushes its way
Up through the ground and stone
And it makes it up to the surface
Then it sprouts and grows to maturity ~
It knows not when or how it just does
And thinking of the pressure it must exert
To go against all that is on top of it
It pushes its way to the top and lives
So must we be a seed and die to live ~
We grow after we have died to self
We then come alive and are new with life
We grown before others eyes changing
And in the process unfolds our destiny
So we are that seed that learns sot grow ~
Jesus came that I may live
He died to give me new life
And when I die to myself then
I come alive new in Him
I am bearing forth new growth.

CHILD

I can only cry
I weep for my youth
I have learned and now I am old ~
I catch myself staring into space
Thinking of long ago
The tears purge the memories ~
Such a deep profound loneliness
Nothing can touch the depths
My child lives and plays there ~
Secret chambers of my heart
Hold the key
Vacant is the innocence of youth.

QUIET, STILL AND UNTAPPED

No movement, motion or sound
Deadly quiet with my thoughts
Not another human being around
To talk or share with
Great withdrawal in solitude
Not always that of comfort
Having to see yourself realistically ~
At times we don't like what we hear
From our thoughts and heart
We drown out our own noise
We ignore our inner voice talking
Deadly quiet and alone I sit
Pondering the end as I see it

I have landed in a no mans land
No direction, no noise…
Just my breathing and heart beating ~
Strange how we work our whole lives
To but retire and when we get there
We feel uncomfortable with our solitude
This is a very deep well
Quiet, still and untapped
A wise soul would take this time
To earnestly learn of themselves
Then they can walk with confidence
With their gift of loving silence
As their new found teacher ~
I am but a weak person
With divine strength within
He resides and helps me live each day
In tears I express my gratitude
For helping me climb the mountains
Of overcoming the pain of life ~
He is my comforter
I no longer fear the quiet
For He resides there in it
His presence is enough to love me through
I can see myself as He sees me
There is no end, just beginnings
Each and every moment given to me.

PEACE WE ALL SEEK

Peace we all seek
Desperately pray for
Willing to give anything
To see it in our lifetime
Yet false peace will manifest
In the form of a man
When true peace is eternal
In this world but not of it
Killings, murders, violence
Hatred, human trafficking,
Devalued and epitomized
The soul can take so much
It cries out for deliverance
From the misery of human condition
Truly life is taxing, trying
And at best is doable
There needs to be a substance
To live through the pain
One needs to have strength
In the midst of suffering
And that is what we pray for
When peace we ask
The world wants it now
Not realizing it is not temporary
Peace is eternal and lasting
True peace that is.

LIFES EBB

Life with its many ebbs and flows
Cycles of setbacks
We have all been there
It is like the water currents
They pull in different directions
Even though they are unseen
The wind will blow and toss about
Will rise up higher than drop down
It can be warm to extremely cold
And so life when it happens ~
I use to think that I was all set
But the rug got pulled out from underneath
In shock and total denial
How could such things happen to me?
Oh it is true we are but mortal
Always thinking endless thoughts
Not realizing there will come
An end some day
We just are not privy to it ~
And so the flow comes forth
With a big whooshing sound
Swept off in an unknown course
The compass has no direction
Away and out of reach ~
No one can follow or determine
The set course we must follow
I am being recycled again
Life's ebb has a hold of me.

I RATHER YOU COME…

I rather you not come to me at all
Then out of fear or preservation
I called you friends when you love me
Fear is doubt and selfishness ~
I rather you not come to me at all
If you have a lukewarm heart
If you still are in love with the world
If you seek the praises of men ~
I rather you not come to me at all
If you love not others
If you are a follower I name only
If you are not willing to sacrifice ~
I want you to come to me
The Giver of Life
The Merciful forgiving Father
With arms open wide ~
I want you to come to me
Yielded and pliant
Soften in heart to the Master's touch
Caring and forgiving as I am ~
I want you to come to me
Dying to self and born again
To the Spirit and in Love
To being one with the Father ~
You can come to me now
You have a choice to decide
For what you do in this life
Will determine yours in the next.

GRACE

Grace ~
That gift beyond words
Unmerited undeserved Grace
When I think on that
How did I ever come by it?
What did I ever do to know it?
And beyond my reasoning
Is the knowledge that God
Sent His Son Jesus for me
That I may inherit Grace
Even the ability to believe and
Have the faith to receive Grace
All that is a gift ~
I just have to see the need
For Mercy in my life
And the willingness to live it
To others in turn
Mercy is only mine to keep
If I give it away
And Love is only mine to keep
If I live it to others ~
Grace ~
The divine ability to live
The gospel, mercy
And the free gift of my choosing
To own and share.

GOODBYES

No one likes to say goodbye
Not in this life for anything
We like to think things are permanent
We like to fool ourselves into thinking
Those things will never change
They would stay the same
And we have all the time in the world
To revisit them as we leave them
Reality tells us there are no guarantees
That someone will be there tomorrow
Or those things we have will not be gone
Everyday is change and some forever
We have no control over things
Even though we plan as though we do
And I can say that goodbyes are difficult
Painful yet needful for growth
Sometimes we need to walk away
From what we have known
Towards the new we are to discover
There is one person who never says goodbye
That is Jesus Christ For he says in scripture,
“I will never leave you nor forsake you”.
Today as you go through much change
With the heartache and sorrow
Know that it is Jesus Who is with us through it
And he never says goodbye
Not now and not in eternity.

This is a great promise
Let us cling onto this in this life
Knowing we will see him and be with him.
How wonderful this is.

CHALICE

Oh my child
Be not eager to drink
From the chalice I did
It is a cup of suffering
Three times I asked if possible
For my Father to take
The cup away from me
But not my will rather His
And I took of the cup
I drank of its bitter dregs
Not all cups are those of joy
Nor all wine of celebration
For the chalice is sacrifice
One unto death
You cannot drink of it
Unless you are willing
To pay the ultimate price
Oh my child
Love, edify and exhort
For each day brings its own troubles
Rejoice in the knowledge
Of truth and love
Of being called and chosen

Let that be enough for now
For my grace is sufficient unto thee.

BE RESILIENT

It happens so suddenly to all of us
One moment we have our schedule
The next it is taken from us forever
Looking for the familiar is unsettling
Then it is gone for good
Having to start over is an awakening
To ones inner self
Alive as never before from your slumber
You must look at things fresh and new
To have no resources and be caught unprepared
This is the hardest thing to do
Life has cycles and phases
As we age we go through passages
They are not for the weak at heart
Rather one must be strong or
One must be resigned to ride the wave
That has you swept up in it
And for all the things we learn in life
Nothing can compare you for that gigantic leap
One we all must take
To go from here to there
With nothing in the middle
To grab a hold of
It happens so suddenly to all of us
May we learn to be resilient

To trust in the Almighty to carry us through
For we were never meant to carry the loads
Or the burdens for which life places on us.

CHANGE

People tend to push others away
Rather than say goodbye
They don't deal with change very well
People don't like change
They avoid it or ignore it
Hoping it will go away
Life is nothing but change
A lot of it not our own choosing
Yet through these various cycles
We find that we carry ourselves forward
Into the next sphere we are going
Others push people away out of fear
For self preservation
It hurts too much to get attached
Then feel you are loosing something
When in reality you aren't
Just sometimes we let fears
Rule our lives
Much unwarranted
We make our lives a self-fulfilling prophecy
When we don't have to
Yes, people are who they are
Accepted in all forms
And ourselves as such

We never say goodbye
To those we love and cherish.

YEARNING

So much I long for you
Yet I cannot bring you here
Feelings go the distance
They suffice without a frame ~
If I could I'd hold you
I would love you from my being
My heart would speak to you
Through my hands and limbs ~
The art of self would emerge
Making splendor and joy
It would leap to live
Waves would cascade upon you ~
Love would crown you
As we bind together
The being with each other
Your presence as one.
So much I long for you
Yet I cannot bring you here
Feelings go the distance
They suffice without a frame.

FAITH

Faith ~
To walk into the unknown

To resign all worry
To be confident and trust
In Yahweh's provisions
Faith ~
Simply believing
Dropping all reservations
Being at peace
And not looking back
Faith ~
Letting go and letting God
Believing for the miracle
Praising for the answer
In the hope of things not seen.

HARVEST

I am the husbandman
I dress my garden
Prune away dead growth
I harvest the fruit there of
All that I plant and grow
Never do I call anyone
To leave them on their own
I always guide them
In the way they should go
I impart my Holy Spirit
To fill you to capacity
That you may move in anointing
Walk in holiness
And you shall bear much fruit

I will crown you
Your rewards will be great.

LESSONS

It is as of yesterday
I was young, youthful
I had energy to burn
Now I am older
The trials of life have worn
Against my soul and heart ~
It seems the more I go through
I become a better person
I would not trade
My youth of yesterday
For the wisdom grown today
For I have learned the secrets of life
They are handed down to us ~
We must come to our end
To begin to understand
Our way of thinking put aside
To absorb the knowledge of truth ~
You can have only one will
And that follow and live
A divided soul is confused
You constantly travel a circle
Never breaking free ~
Old age may take my youth
It may take my body
But it gifts my soul

From the lessons of life ~
I can only be grateful
For the daily lessons I learn
They are a gift from God
Even though at the time
I may not see them as such.

I AM HERE

There is no need to fear of losing me
For I am here ~
I am in the sky
I am in the wind
I am in the ocean
I am here ~
When you look at the trees and rocks
I am there
When you look off into the distance
I am there
When you read my words
I am there ~
For I am spirit
And I live in everyone
I travel in love
I live in love
For I am free in love ~
You can close your eyes
And I am there
For I will never leave you ~
My friend

I am here within your heart
Within your soul and mind ~
Do not fear of losing me
For I am here
Always with you.

NOT MY OWN

My life is not my own
It is bought with a price
I belong to Jesus,
He is the keeper of my soul.

LAMP

One lamp lights another
From that comes many lights
It all starts with one ~
My life is love in progress
From grace and mercy
To daily sacrifice
With joy to give to others
The light I have within ~
A hillside of candles
Cast a beautiful glow
A community in prayer
An incense sweet smelling
It's fragrance reaches heaven ~
We are bearers of the light
We live in unity

Function as a body
With one head, Jesus ~
A living, breathing body
The hands and feet of love
Living the sacrifice of prayer
Of faith in motion ~
Yes, one lamp
Lights all others.

ANGELS

Often I send my messengers in disguise,
They test the hearts of men,
I send them to minister
To deliver you from harm.
You may often encounter
An angel unaware ~
I made them in another dimension,
They came into your world
Surround with protection,
They are an army of light
Called forth to war for you ~
You must never forget
You are not of this world
You are just passing through.
My angels help the passage
The transition from one world
To that of another ~
The wings are quiet
They flutter to flight

Deliver from danger
Manifest when needed,
Bring help in time of trouble.
They are my love to you
While alive on this earth ~
Deliverance is in their wings
I send them when you call
When you pray to me.
Never forget, you can
Encounter an angel unaware.

OTHERS

It is in sharing
That I get to know you
I learn about myself
My short comings with others
Those with myself.
I learn of my human nature
Which often fails me
With the best of intentions,
Often I do not attain
Those I would like to aspire to.
People make me commit
They help keep me honest.
I deceive myself when
I isolate and rely solely
On my own understanding.
It is then my world
Becomes narrow and lopsided.

My pride does not
Want to admit
I am incomplete
Without others in my life.
Humility gives me the
Gift of littleness,
It strips me of myself
So that I learn to ask
Help from others.
It is then that I become
A better person and grow.
We really do need each other
It is growth to admit
That even the bad is for our good
For we learn from it.

A CALL TO MANKIND

When I carry your burden
You help carry mine
Then we have less to fear
Before the great Divine.
For man at great ease
Ignoring the woes of another
How great the judgment then
The fear of God, I shudder.
Was not Sodom and Gomorrah
Their vilest sin to be
Ignoring those so destitute
Of what around you see?

To think that of mankind
Has not changed much
In the coldness of heart
To not help or another touch.
The sin of greed
The sin of indifference goes
Have we not by far
Exceeded the ways of Sodom so?
And now the day is setting
You are content I see
But when does oh man
The hour glass empty for thee?

JOY LIKE NO OTHER

You are not a fantasy
You are real my Lord
Closer to me than my breath
You hold me up constantly
Give me courage to live
Strength to go on
Your spirit is in my heart
Your love burns within
A warm glowing radiates
Into a smile ~
Your essence exudes me
Waves of light permeate
All that I touch
We have become one
Divine is your softness

In the fullness of love ~
There is no bottom
Words cannot describe
Your person my Jesus
Eternal and majestic
You give new life to me
And forever I praise thee
For you chose me ~
When I was in the dark
You drew me out
Into your light
My heart is captivated
With joy like no other
Forever I will hold onto you ~
I love you with
My whole being
Together we move on
Pass time itself to paradise
Your love is eternal.

HEALING

Thoughts and memories
You have died one thousand times
How they want to resurface
You push them back down
Only to return.
There comes a time
One must profess ownership
To lift them upward

Scatter their ashes to the wind,
Let the Spirit blow them away.
Healing is choosing
To look back on ones life
Accept it as who you are
And then let the balm
Close the wound
To never open again.
I do not want to relive the past
I want to live in the present.
That is what the Holy Spirit
Does for me
He helps me move forward
On the wings of his love
That I may regain
My innocence that died.
I am a new creature
Jesus lives in me.

PLEASING TO YOU

I find myself on my knees
Constantly asking forgiveness
For my weakness and failure
To have the patience and love
You ask me to have Father.
I ask for your strength
To flow through me
Let me be a vessel
One of honor not shame,

One of hope not despair.
Oh Father I ask
That I may become
What you want of me
Not what I desire
My life is yours.
Daily I die to self
I surrender that I may live ~
In my weakness be my strength
In my sorrow be my joy
In my sickness be my health
In my doubt be my faith.
Conform my mind to your word
Teach me to walk by faith
Through your love Father.
May my life be a living sacrifice
Pleasing to you.

FORGIVEN

As your footprints
On the beach are washed away
So I remember
Your sin no more.
~Jesus

THE LITTLE THINGS

Many of us have gone shopping
We bought a list of items

The shock truly is
All the small things added up
Which cost the most.
We look at the receipt disbelieving
How so small, few items
Can cost so much.
Isn't that how life is?
Just that little short cut
Cheating here or there
Slacking off in diligence
Thinking it won't matter
Yet it is noticed.
Daily we are called
To be faithful to the little things
Jesus says IF we're faithful
In the little things
Then he would reward us
In the bigger things.
Let us look at our inventory
Our list of little things.
Let us remain faithful in Him
To enter the straight and narrow
Rewarded as a good and faithful servant.

YOUR LIGHT

Clouds of cornflower blue
From sky to ground
Yet sun beams strong and brilliant
To you are beamed straight down.

The light shines off the leaves
The birds are abound in flight
Off a ways a golden tree glows
With your light so bright.
And the sun hides again
Behind the clouds blue gray
Everything outdoors does linger
For your touch in a special way.

PATIENCE AND LOVE

Each of us is given
The task to live our life
To fulfill our calling.
Many of us start aright
Only to veer off
Forgetting it's not our power
Rather the Holy Spirit within us.
We can never claim the praise
For it is God working in us.
All that we have and are
Come from the grace of Him
To empower us to become
His hands and feet of Love.
Our lives have a purpose
To fulfill our commission
To be ambassadors to a world
Dying, void of hope or love.
We are the example for others
To see what life can become

When God is in it
Directing our path.
Our life is not a whole,
Each of us is a piece
Of a larger puzzle
That becomes the body of Christ.
Let us with patience and love
Bear one another with understanding.

BLANKET OF LOVE

Oh my lovely
How the seasons stir my heart
I will weave you a tapestry
Of brilliant colours
I will cut and design
A many colored quilt for you
The depth of light and love
Will fill the span of it
It will be warm to cover you
With love, prayers
For much peace and dreams
You will smell the softness
Of the earth and flowers
Feel the warmth of mothers love
And the gentle touch of one
Who sends forth her heart to you
Wrap me around you in this
And feel my loving arms
And my gentle kiss

On your face so innocent
Let the hunger and want dissipate
With contentment of being loved
Slumber in this knowledge
I am with you now
As you dream dreams.
(A Mothers' Heart)

DETACHMENT

How autumn is here
With its biting cold
The rain washes all that remains
Of summer away
I see leaves floating on the water
Two perfect leaves, hearts no less
And they flow on the reflection
Of sky and sun
Riding the ripples to where
They are being carried ~
We are in this world yet not of it
Our heart is to be joined to His
He will direct and lead us to follow him
We must die and fall from our tree
And land to the earth
We must die so that we may live ~
Detachment of all things
To learn to be free
To minister where God leads us
Let not your heart be weighed down

With the cares and riches of this world
Of the stuff that is portrayed to us
As worth holding onto
Fighting for, dying for ~
You have no control over your life
Over your situation or status
One day trouble can come
And wipe it all away
Everything that you have
Worked so hard for
Life really is not things
It is love, it is feeling
It is giving of ones heart
And receiving back a hundred fold
The depth and breath of love so bold ~
Let him take you off your tree
Let him detach you from all things
That hinder and hold you in this life
Let him bind your heart to his
And ride the waters where they flow
Where he leads you
Be not afraid for God is Love.

PURITY OF HEART

When I was a child
I thought as a child
Now that I am grown
My thoughts have developed
From innocence to cynicism

From trusting to guarded.
We teach children the dream of love
Yet they learn by example
Develop by experience
The world is hard and cold.
We learn to throw naivety aside
Simple trust to that earned.
The concept of love is lofty
It is spoken, sang, dreamt, proclaimed
Yet never seems to grab hold.
We go from simple and pure
To complicated and tarnished.
Let us recycle the dream
Seek once again purity of heart
See it in ourselves first.
To block out the darkness about
Children live in the promise
For they are born of love.
Sad to see a child weighed down
With burdens not their own,
Taught this is the way to life
When thy were right all along.
God honors the heart of a child
They know unconditional love.
Let us seek again purity of heart.

FINISH

We are citizens of the kingdom
Never should we forget that

As we live in this world
As we go through trails and tribulations
This is not our home
We are but passing through
As we are walking in it
Let us do what we are called to do
Let us not fail to bear the light
Of Jesus Christ to the world.
May we extend the kingdom
That gives us salvation
For we have the love of the Father
Shed abroad in our hearts
To live and give away,
We shall all meet again
One day on that distant shore
Let us finish the race before us.

FORGIVE ME FATHER

Forgive me Father
For I lack love
I am intolerant
With the foolishness of men.
Impatient for what agitates me
In the souls of others.
How I often would rather
Feed my flesh rather than my soul ~
Forgive me Father
For I am slothful and lazy
I desire not discipline but ease

I am indifferent to the calls of others
I shut out all conversations
I choose not to hear ~
Forgive me Father
For I am a selfish being
Lacking the qualities of Jesus.
If it please you Father
Do what you will with me
I ask that in the process
Of my dying to self
You love me enough
To look past my sins,
And gaze on the blood of Jesus
Which washes me whiter than snow ~
I ask Father
You have loving patience with me
Grace and mercy on my soul
Which I so much do not deserve.
Forgive me Father
For my stubborn foolish pride
Fill me with your love
So that I may truly follow you.

SUCCESS

I know I have made it
When I can walk through life
Without leaving a trace
Of who I am.
I know I have done well

When my children are grown
Do not return to me
For advice or direction.
I know I have succeeded
When my values I have lived
Have imparted to my family
And those of my community.
I know I've done well
When I lived contently as I am
Was happy with what I had
And could share that wealth to others.
I know I have made it
When my life's story is told
Without words of shame or regret
But of love for mankind.

GREATEST LILY OF ALL

You are the Lily of the valley
The Rose of Sharon
The fragrance of spikenard
Frankincense and Myrrh
You are the flower of all flowers
Blossomed into a full crown
That radiates light outwards
Sweet fragrance of your presence
Fills the room with calm
You are the balm that heals
Your radiance is majestic
All who behold you know they are in

The presence of the King
The greatest Lily of them all.

LET US WALK WHERE HE LEADS US

As Paul was led away by another
Hands bound and tied
He walked the road to his torture stake
Each of us one day
Will have to walk our path
The dying to ourselves
The laying down of our lives
For others and the gospel
We walk not in our own strength
But in the strength of Yahweh
Who emboldens us
Gives us the power to go forth
Each of us must make the choice
To win the race
No matter what the cost
And it will cost us each dearly
We must forsake all for the gospel
No second thoughts
No resistance or hindrances
Let us rejoice to be counted worthy
To suffer for Him
To share in his sorrows
And in his joys
For the world cannot know
The rewards of the righteous

For the faithful in Him
Ware are not our own
Let us go forth with faith
Walking where he leads us.

SILENCE

Silence ~
When I commune with my heart
And contemplate
What energy I use
To fulfill life's void.
Silence ~
When I know
My inner voice
Which speaks forth
Of truths to me.
Silence ~
When I take what is mine
Leaving all for my gain
Concentration to obtain
Knowledge to be used.
Silence ~
When my heart thanks me
For a moments rest
For a moments air
For a fresh breath of life
Leaving all for my gain.
Silence ~
Quiet, peaceful

Restful fulfilled
When I know
My inner voice
Which speaks to me
Commune as a whole
Energy as one
Completeness refined ~
Totalness
Peace
Gratitude
Being
That is silence.

IF EYES COULD SPEAK

If eyes can speak
Then yours tell me
What you are going through
Deep moving wise
Part of your disguise
Are in the look of your eyes ~
I can see what it is
You try so hard to hide
I can tell
What you feel inside.
How much you tell of yourself
Every time you look my way
I know about you
You can’t run
I have felt your insides ~

If eyes can speak
Yours tell me so much
That no words are needed
I can see you inside.

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY…

Dear friend
Did I tell you lately
That I love you?
Each day is new
We both go through
Did anyone tell you
That they loved you today?
Life is so fast
Complicated and sometimes cold
We lose ourselves
Sometimes too easily.
All of us need a touch
A word or two
Tell me friend
Has anyone said “I love you”?
Well I do
“I love you”
How these words
Have helped me grow.
And yes –
“I do love you”!

THE LEVELS WE CLIMB

So many different levels we climb.
At the bottom is the dust
And when we revisit
We stir the dust in the wind
To relive again.
Time allows it to settle
There's dust land and air
All are different levels
To the same thing –
Our levels we climb.

VERMONT

Vermont is my home
It is there that I live
Where people know to give.
The country is alive
Full of life everywhere
Persons take the time
They really care.
Green Mountains
Lakes so deep and blue
Granite, marble and more
The seasons are four
Colour in each one
Rise and setting
Of the Eastern sun.
You can see the change

When it comes
The people are prepared
Another season is near.
Vermont is my home
A state I love
Which has given much to many.

A MIGHTY CHAIN

A strand of silver
Tiny links of a chain
Together they are strong.
A chain is no longer a chain
When one of the links is gone
It is broken
It no longer is a circle
But a line.
A circle is a continuous without end
A line begins then stops
With nowhere to go.
All of us are a link
In the lives of others and ourselves.
We are strong only when
We are together
We are weak when separated.
Tiny links of a chain
But a mighty chain
When one.

MOUNTAIN TOP

Mountaintop reaching tall
Where the sky meets
There I reach with my heart
Be a part –
Big and strong mountain rock
Hard to climb there to find
Reaching tall, very tall.
There the sun overlooks
The stone so large
Bring yourself to the top
See yourself in the rock –
Hard and strong
Hard and strong.

ICE STORM

Rays of sun glisten the snow
As the wind blows it from the trees
Like tiny crystals in a mist
It gently shows the ground.
The forest comes alive
With the birds lighting
In the tree branches –
The snow reflects the sun
Bringing with it a life of its own.
Cool is the air, so energizing
To breathe deeply in the lungs.
Lightheaded yet clear of mind

I feel the magic
The snow show brings to me.

A ROSE TODAY

You gave me a rose today
To cheer me up
To say, “I love you”
I sat in silence
Thinking.
You expected a smile
Even a faint one.
I reached out
And gave you a hug
We both smiled.
Silent I was no longer.

HEAVY ROCK

Heavy Rock – rifting
Sense of freedom, dare to explore
See my inner self
Travel to places far away
Touch the hidden areas of my inner man
Release from pressure.
Communicate with me – Unity, oneness
Direction, remembrance – going your way
Reliving a part of me that once was there
Can be young again, hope again
A private journey just for one

Take time to enter, Drifting –
Heavy Rock.

MOM IN HER GARDEN

Sweet and fragrant
Morning glories open
Wrapped in the raspberry bushes
By the field of clover.
Mom's hands pruning her berry bushes
Humming as she is working
Standing behind the grape arbor.
Hermit thrushes, chickadees
Mourning doves sing, chirp and coo
Upon the vines so thick.
Buzzing with life bees pollinate
Butterflies flutter in the wind.
Intertwined is the vine wrapped
End to end
Opening hues in the colour blue
So pure and light.
So I remember in my mind's eyes
Mom in her garden.

MOUNTAINS

The mountains look so close
They roll off the hillside
Up into the sky.
The golden yellow field

Meets the dark green
And hazy purple trees.
Rain is falling and has been
Everywhere you look there's drops
Wet cold damp to touch.
With the old fence, the barn
And the quiet sky
It's like a fall day.
You can actually hear the earth
Quietly breathe.
The crow announces its coming
And perches in an Elm tree.
It is but morning
The earth is not awake yet.
What a splendid moment to capture.
Life stirs about
In the miserable weather.
It doesn't stop growth.
So close the mountain –
It brings mystery to me.

LIVING WATERS

Living waters wash over me
Clean, pure and fresh
I soak up the nourishment you bring
I shower in your presence
Being renewed and restored
To my former glory
Fill my up, fill it up

Make me whole
And I can dwell in your presence
Lifted high above the train
Into the true reality of being
The essence of life itself
Golden, pure and lovely
No worlds can express
Only elation of the heart
Exploding with Joy unspeakable
You and I are one
As we drink together
From the fountain of life
I'm jubiliant in you.

LOSSES

Funny how someone else's tragedy
Does not touch us
Until it becomes our own
I guess that's human nature ~
And when it's our turn
We are suspended in devastation
We feel the pain of others ~
Of negating their loss
To our comforts of life
Losses cut deep
Some too much so ~
Some never totally recover
They walk about
A portion of their former self ~

Life just happens, and it must
Be anchored and you will recover
To help others through
Their grieving process.

-MANDELA OF COLOURS

Sweet is the leaves as they fall
With the sun setting
It has a red ring around
As a tunnel blinding through
The trees so brilliant
This is not lasting
A spectacular show of grandeur
For the benefit of us
To behold creation in such beauty
Just a slice of heaven
Among so much
My eyes can san and
Still not see all that was made
All this for us to enjoy
The Garden of Eden so large
And this is nothing in comparison
To the New Earth to come
The glories of nature mirror
The glories of heaven
A Mandela of colours
A pallet of shades not seen or used
Pure and translucent to behold

Riches of light and love
That vibrates all who live there.

I PROMISE

I never said you
Would never have sorrow
I never promised
An easy life on earth
I know the hearts of men
They are slaves to
Their baser selves
I know your struggles
Of flesh verses the spirit
I promised that in me
You are more than a conqueror
I promised I'd give
You the comforter
I promised I would
Walk with you through
The trials set before you
I promised I would
Never leave nor forsake you
Take this word of mine
And stand on it
Go forth with faith and hope
That my love will conquer all
Make me your King
And I promise you the victory.

EACH NEW DAY

Each new day I rise
With the expectation for each day
To be as good as the last
Suddenly a life can change
With no notice or voice
When I lay down to sleep
I thank thee Father
For the great blessings
You have bestowed on me
I do not know
Your plans for me
Nor do I want to
Take you for granted ~
Accept my gratitude
For all your love and concern
On the new day I wake
I pray you are as close
As you are now
And forever will remain with me.

LET IT COMFORT YOU

Oh my dear loving friend
Close your eyes and I am there
Open them and I'm with you
I ride upon the wind
That curls around you
I comfort you with my prayers

I send the spirit to you.
Though chasms abound
And pillars aspire
Our love will grow but higher
Where nothing could vanquish it
For true love for another
Is the heart of all.
Nothing can destroy
Or put out the flame
Get a hold of this truth
Let it comfort you
When you feel small
In this world
You are loved
Rejoice in this.

NEVER…

Never let the blessings
Outweigh the giver
Never let things of life
Detract from the spirit
Never let your eyes
Lose sight of the kingdom
Never let the pride of life
Blind you to your poverty
Never let the riches of life
Substitute for the riches in Christ
Never let the wisdom of the world
Replace the word of God.

Never lose track of time
That we are not guaranteed of it
Never be at home here
For our home is in the Kingdom
Never lose love in your heart
Without it you will lose your salvation
Never forget without Jesus
We can do nothing,
Never forget that in Him
We live, move and have our being.

A GLIMMER

I relish the quiet
I hear your small voice
In the stillness that's near
The warm soft glow of light
Burns ever brighter
As in your presence I dwell
How I wish I can stay here
Your presence makes me aware
I am but mortal and sinful
Your light of truth is love
Forgiveness is in your hand
I am consumed to tears
Of gratitude and awe
Moments as such are a glimmer
Of paradise with you.

KNOW THIS ONE THING

If you were to keep learning
Focus on this one thing
How much I love.
I died for you in your sin
When you were still
An enemy of the cross
Embrace my sacrifice
Kiss the nail scared hands
The torn side and pierced feet
Know I died for you
In your place
So that you may live
Then learn what love is ~
It is dying to self
Becoming a sacrifice
So others may live
Be my hands and feet
To those who have
Yet to know me
And great will be your reward.

IT STARTS ON BENDED KNEE

Lay aside every weight
All that causes to stumble
Get down on your knees
Prostrate yourself humble ~
I have the power to forgive

Every sin that does offend
I can give you favor
Direction in life I bend ~
Pull you towards myself
Embrace you with compassion
Pity your sinful nature
Renew your life in fashion ~
To be a bearer of light
Herald the gospel abroad
Through out the whole globe
On every foreign sod,
And it all starts here ~
Down on bended knee
Embrace the Saviour
Who will set you free.

I CANNOT…

I cannot exist without you
Or you I
For we are dependent
On each other
We draw off of
Each others strengths
Accepts each others weaknesses
We learn the value of love
As the strength to growth.
I cannot go anywhere
That you do not go with me
For you have integrated my life

And touched the core of my being
To say you are not here
Would be a lie
For you are in my spirit
As much as I am in yours.
Let us share in our dreams
Communicate with each other
The lessons of today
To carry us forth tomorrow
You are the silver cord
To my inner self
I can go nowhere without you
You touch the water within
And draw out refreshment
Forever young and wise.

FLOWER

The bouquet on my table
How it graces it so
Beautiful fragrance but for
A short season
At your peek of perfection
You were picked just for me
I drink in your beauty
Slowly you fade away
Wilt, stoop and bow
Where I must sadly remove you
Putting you back into the earth
From where you had sprang

Your petals so soft and vibrant
Royal of pageantry
Many faceted diamond
You trump colour magnificent
Imagery of love in full bloom
How I treasure the joy
Your bring to my heart
Such a beautiful flower are you.

WE KNOW OUR MEASURE

We are the unseen multitude
Performing difficult tasks
Your cannot compensate us
For all the endless love we give
Many take for granted
A safety net in old age
We are the in-between ones
Our own families do not know
We triple task keeping it together
Without us caretakers
Millions would be in neglect
There are not enough hours
Nor enough hands it seems
Yet our actions are love displayed
When our work is done
We can rest our head and sleep
Many do not know of us
We are the ones behind family
The silent cog in the wheel

Which guarantees motion
Silently we do our errands
Never asking for anything
For we know our measure.
(1 Corinthians 12:25-26)

BE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED

Like attracts like minded
Darkness attracts dark
Lightness attracts light
For God does say
Be not be unequally yoked.
He has a way of
Cleaning house for us
As painful as it is,
Our hearts can be deceived
When we become entangled.
We cannot love others
Who are against the Lord
For then our hearts
Become divided on us.
This is a very hard lesson
To learn and live.
It costs to walk
On the Narrow Way
Many do compromise.
Those that do have lost
They forfeited their loyalty,
They do not want to endure.

Many are called
But few are chosen.
The Holy Spirit
Does clean house on us,
It starts in our hearts.
(Psalm 139:21-22)

TRADE

Trade your sleepless nights
For those of true rest
Give up your anxieties
For my peace
My love will comfort you
Rest in me.
~ Jesus.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

One day shall come down
From heaven above
The city of gold, the gates of pearl
The New Jerusalem comes down
A new heaven and earth
Purged from all of the old ~
Only the humble enter in
Who lived a life without sin
United with their King
Multitudes to the throne sing
Praises of worship echo

From the fountain, chamber above
Reverberate with echoes of love ~
No more tears or crying
That is all of the past
No more sorrows or pain
Just joy will last.
Mansions prepared for us
Who paid the ultimate price
To die to self the sacrifice ~
One day shall come down
From heaven above
The city of gold, the gates of pearl
The New Jerusalem comes down
A new heaven and earth
Purged from all of the old.
(Revelation 21 and 22)

YANKEE

A certain breed of character
Extremely independent
Ruggedly self sufficient
Always the first to volunteer
To fight valiantly for country
True defender of freedoms
Loyalty never a question
One with a pioneer spirit
Never to be manipulated
Socially reserved
Ability to make something

Out of nothing
Never wasteful or extravagant
A simple life and content
Knows the ways of the Indians
The earth is close to their heart
When you have met such a one
You have met a true Yankee.

THE PURPOSE

Joseph was given dreams
Which he shared with family
Not being of the same spirit,
They did envy him.
Out of jealousy they sold him
To a life of slavery.
Years he spent in Egypt
Misunderstood, falsely accused.
Joseph remained faithful to God
He maintained a right spirit,
He came to a place regardless
Of circumstances, he kept his belief.
Little did he know that
He was being formed to fill
The divine appointment of the Lord ~
One day he was a slave
The next Joseph was an overseer,
Second to the throne of Pharaoh
From his misery came good.
We may feel like a Joseph

With the lost of all things.
Know Jesus has you,
He is performing in you
A great work for the kingdom.
Always keep your eyes on Him,
And one day you too
Will fulfill the purpose
For which you were created.
(Based on Genesis 37 to 46)

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NO RETURNING

You can never go back
Once you have set forth change
It is impossible to return
To that point of exit
Nothing will ever be the same ~
One who sets his hand
To the plow and looks back
Is not worthy to serve.
We are called to always
Be moving ever forward ~
You can never go back
No matter how hard you try
And really why would you want to?
It is only and insult
To taste of heaven than forfeit it ~
A pillar of salt is one
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That has lost its flavor
It is good for nothing.
Let us not be Lot's wife
Rejected for our wavering.

HOLD FAST

Each of us is on a journey
We are living our faith
Daily we must define it
Reviewing and eliminating
That which compromises
The Word within us.
It is not just will power
It is not just discipline
It is dedication to commitment.
However things happen
We must remain steadfast
The journey is remaining
In ones faith and growing
Bringing forth much fruit.
We can love in the face
Of much opposition
For that does not define us
Our faith does
And in this we hold fast.

NOTHING

It is ludicrous
To plan ones life
When you don't even know
What today holds ~
Always do remember
Who your source is
No matter what happens
Never abandon your soul ~
This life is fleeting
It is over before you know
Then what answer can you give
For forsaking truth for vanity? ~
Nothing in this life
Is worth losing your soul.

MOVED HIGHER

Blessed forgetfulness is love
Mindful direction is caring
Heavenly companionship is lasting
Flesh and blood and covenant
Bound to each other, Equality is given to us
Never flaunting our faults
Building on our strengths
Our armor is our shield
Destruction does not pierce
The heart is weighed
We are moved higher.

KIND SOULS

There are kind souls out there
With the gift of healing
Unsung heroes that bind wounds
Help in the rebuilding process
These angels so to speak
Show us direction in the midst
Of emotional wreckage
Guiding us through it
To come through the other side
Whole, intact, and renewed ~
It is people like these
That bring back sanity and balance
For those in great need
They have the ability to
Draw the good out of us
Letting us know that the pain
Was not in vain but helpful
So we could become who we are.
Hold these souls in esteem
They are a rare gift to cherish.

GROWTH IN TRUTH

In this life we will find
Much heartache and disappointment
People will often let us down
They strike out at those
Which are closest to them

One must remember that
It is not our ownership
Of how others treat us ~
Walk through life knowing
We will face great opposition
This is to be expected
All we can do is carry ourselves
Know who we are and who we do serve
And he will carry us through ~
Look unto others as beings
Vessels that struggle with balance
In need of much prayer, love
And of great understanding.
Life is transition
When we can accept that
We have grown in truth.

THERE IS COMING…

There is coming a time soon
Where it will not be fashionable
To believe in the bible
Where it will not be fashionable
To have faith or pray
There is coming a time soon
Where it will not be safe
To have morals or conscience
There is coming a time soon
Where we will see evil applauded
And where good is condemned

There is coming a time soon
Where people will have a herd mentality
They will come against you as a swarm
It will not be safe to be your own person
You will stand out if you don't follow
The direction you are told to take
We will live to see chaos and pandemonium
We will live to see the end of
Owning private property
The end of human rights
The end of dignity and loyalty
There is coming a time soon
Where there will be no more
Countries, kings, rulers or dignitaries.
There is coming a time soon
Where we will be subjects and slaves
To the new global world order
There they will kill all objectors
There they will kill all who hold fast
To what beliefs, faith and truths they live
We are ushering in that place now
And I ask you to consider,
What are you doing to prepare for it?
You can only govern your own soul
And one day must give an account
Of how you lived and presented it.
Are you prepared?

HERE STANDS THE KING

You feet are beautiful
Lovely to behold
Perfumed of spikenard
They shine like brass
With life and light
They have traveled far
Where no one could find you
And then they returned
To find your own
You have walked carrying us
And leading as you go
Your footprints are beautiful
They travel through time
Sacred and holy the ground
That you have walked upon
You have traveled into my life
Bringing with you great Joy
Departing to me of your heart
The riches of glory
Yes, your feet are beautiful
And I lay at them with respect
I worship the hands that lift me
And raise me to yourself.

REQUEST

Please tend my garden
While I am gone

I won't be long ~
Times does lapse
Weeds and vines have grown
Attendance has been low ~
Finally done day
I come to see the view
But the fruit is few ~
And I weep to remember
The comfort and beauty before
Now to see is no more ~
What did happen
For the Blue Butterfly
To fly up to the sky?
Your voices have been silent
I walk as though in night
Many quills are plucked from sight.
Can we ever draw the courage
To regain our community door,
Our nurturing as before?
Please revive our garden
While I'm here with you
To our purpose let's be true.

LET US

Loving kindness let us
Strive with much patience
For the Body has many members
Not all are to full maturity
Let us remember our first days

First in the awe of His love
Not knowing foundational truths
Let us kindly endure others
As they make mistakes in learning
Let our rebuke be one
Of genuine love and concern
Regarding the welfare of others
Let us put aside doctrinal differences
To unconditional love for each other
That the world will no longer
Hold us as heartless or loveless
That we would draw the world
Not repel it away from the kingdom
Let us walk in full maturity
Of the cross and love of Jesus
Embracing the Heavenly Father.

HOLD ON…

Hold on when
The pain is too much
Hold on when
You feel you'll lose hope
Hold on when
You are going it all alone
Hold on when
You have nothing to suffice
Hold on when
Extremities push your endurance
Hold on when

You would rather give up
Hold on when
Others strip you of dignity
Hold on when
You lost your self esteem
Hold on when
Life has lost its luster
Hold on when
Death looks better than life
Hold on when
You can't do it anymore
Hold on when
Mentally you lost your grip
Hold on when
To the hand that upholds your
See then
The small miracles to you
Live then
In a new vision
Hope then
In faith that sustains you.

GRANDPA

My story is about my Grandpa, Mr. Johnny Quinn. He preferred John. Grandpa was a very colorful person; I dare say a "bullshit artist". Of all his attributes the most important was his appearance. I say this because it revealed his true character. Imagine if you will a large framed man, five foot ten, two hundred eight five pounds, size forty eight jacket, eighteen

and a half neck. He wore suspenders, white slacks, white socks; brown side laced orthopedic shoes, as straw hat with a navy band, a handkerchief, and a bent wood cane with a rubber tip. His face was round, ruddy red complexion, white hair styled in a crew cut, bright blue eyes, dimples, wire rimmed glasses, and a smile that was meant for camera. When Grandpa walked he did so with a slight limp due to his bad feet. He smoked unfiltered lucky strikes, four packs a day. He swore continuously, always as if he felt he was not being heard.

His personality conveyed more than being a large built man. He had a lot of hobbies. He loved to gossip about old people (as if he wasn't old himself), play cards, travel, take a lot of pictures with his camera, and sit listening to the Red Sox games on the radio full blast till eleven PM. My father would argue with him for keeping him up late with his noise. He was a bit of a historian. Grandpa could quote facts and figures of so many things; I often felt he was a walking encyclopedia. He liked antiques. He would go to auctions and old barns. He also was known in his time for being an avid outdoors man. He would shoot Elk, Caribou and Moose. Every year he paid a private tour guide to hunt in Canada until at the age of seventy one his arthritis made him unable to hunt.

He was quite a story teller. He'd captivate an audience telling stories for tow hours straight without repeating himself. One of his sayings was, "I dive like a feather and swim like a rock". At another time he informed me that from then on I was to address him no longer as Grandpa but as the one and only honorable Mr. Johnny Quinn. That I did and we got along just fine. Among his many accomplishments he retired from Pratt

and Whitney in Hartford, Connecticut after forty two years of being a finished carpenter. There were other areas of his life he never talked about, like after Grandma Quinn died when my mother was three.

He would always come and visit us once a year. He'd arrive with the largest suitcase I ever saw in my life, also carrying a small black leather doctor's bag, the kind in a Norman Rockwell painting. Then one day he suffered a heart attack. He waited three days before he would go to the hospital. After which he went to see my Uncle Homer. There he suffered a stroke. I went with my parents to see him. I saw a man half paralyzed, crying, scared. He didn't seem so big anymore. They got him in a Connecticut nursing home, where he lived for another four years.

Grandpa had a sense of humor. We use to own a farm. Our front lawn had large Elm trees, about two hundred years old. He use to say, "bury me under and Elm tree with a monument of a cow plop on top with the saying 'Here lies the one and only Honorable Mr. John Quinn". I use to think Grandpa was touched for saying that. I'd laugh at him. Now that he's gone it seems somehow that Grandpa has been forgotten by all of us with the passing of time. There's a part of me that doesn't want to forget the storyteller that he was, most importantly, the lesson of Love he taught me.

NATURE

Wild flowers how they grow
Without effort from man
Daily my love shows

For the gift around me.
I can’t ask for more
Than what already is –
Nature –
The smell of it
To feel it, to see it.
Live around her
Cherish her, respect her
And she will flower you
With blossoms of every colour.
She’ll cover you in clover
Blades of grass green
Send white snowflakes as diamonds
Golden autumn so serene.
Ripple the land with water
As it melts the snow
Send warmth
Bud the blossoms
To make them grow.
You can add, subtract
Try to rearrange her
But Nature will never be
As before ~ Untouched ~
Pure ~ Precious ~
Paradise.

FORGETFULNESS

It happens to the best of us, forgetfulness.
That’s what they say.

I’d rather like to think of forgetfulness as dreaming
Wandering elsewhere
Where thoughts are pleasant and musing.
Some people forget unwillingly, some deliberately.
Others are just indifferent
To everything around them –
Perhaps out of a need
To avoid responsibilities
Facts too overwhelming, too significant
Or perhaps to avoid a truth.
Truth is a scary thing.
It demands recognition
A response, change.
People don’t like to change.
They are comfortable with complacency
So they avoid all truths
Facts presented to them
By avoidance.
Some people appear prideful
Not wanting for others in their life.
I find pride a tool of deception
To push people away.
Pride is used to cover fear
The fear of the truth
Of change.
Forgetfulness is not always
What it appears
It can be the symptom of many things –
Those of which people live
Yet never speak about.

There comes a time where one day
Everyone eventually remembers
And at that given moment
It is best to accept the truth presented.
I find when you accept a truth
You accept yourself.
Forgetfulness –
Is not all it seems to be.

GIVE

Give to a trouble world
Give to a need
Give till you give the best
All of it.
And you will still
Be giving.
Endless…
The needs to receive
Endless…
The hearts to touch to fill
Still you give.
Life we lead
We live we give
Life we take.
Give to a people
In search of rest
Of peace of needs.
Endless…
You give.

STARS

Stars, consolations
Map of the heavens
Lights of the sky
Mirror of the Sun
Bright of glory
Shining, shining stars –
Pathway to planets
Home of the curious
Of the unborn.
Moments of glory,
God's glory
Jewels in the crown
Of the heavens
Mysterious
Beautiful
Shine, shine –
Guide us.

MEMORIES

There’s so much to life
I could not begin to describe it.
There are days of total confusion
Others of progress
And some of failure.
I have to say each day
Is used to measure life
To build the quality of it.

In youth you are anxious
To learn as much as fast
As possible.
You want to do everything
Or so you think.
In adulthood you slow down
Not everything is important
Just those things that bring meaning.
You learn to do away with
The lesser things that often
Trapped you before.
You are raised with a sense of values
And as you grow they change.
Some days are like a dejavu.
You are propelled back in your memory
To when you were younger
Something triggers a thought
Or a saying or lesson
You once learned while you were young.
You rediscovered something
You had learned but forgot about.
We think we forget things
As we get older
But I find we just store them away
For another time To draw off of.

I AM DRY

I'm dry I'm dry
I can't give me away

There’s nothing to say
Except I am parched dry
Why?
I do not know why
But I am dry!
I am loved
I feel love
Yet there’s that something more
Or is it I never tried
To open fully that door?
I’m dry I’m dry
Only time can bring my way
The spot to quench my thirst
Then I can give away
But for now
I am dry.

WORDS

Words –
Spoken feelings
Spoken thoughts
Communication
Separation
Words.
A touch to the soul
A ray of hope to the mind
Encouragement
Discouragement
Words.

Downgrading
Gentle
Rough
Spoken feelings
Spoken thoughts
Communication
Separation
Words.

GROW

Come
Let us plant today
Our garden of tomorrow
The seeds of hope
Bring prosperity
Plant today
Grow tomorrow
Let us laugh today
Enjoy today
Gladden in our hearts
Joyful of planting
Our seeds of worth
For others to share
Let us grow
A garden lovely
Where all take pride
Being in it.

I LOVE THE ROCK

I have been drawn by love
In depths unknown
Of Joy endless
And I have come
To love the Rock.
Yes that Rock within us
Of which we all stand
Some use it to build
To reach out
Others build to keep within.
I love the Rock
I love You ~
For you have shown me
More than I could have known
Or dared to conquer.
Boundless, endless am I
For my fortress is my temple
My soul is alive
It bears fruit which is ripe.
Now I am to go
And share of my fruits
Of my fortress and my soul
To live my life within
So that I may free myself
To conquer that within.
Upon that Rock I stand
For I am in it
It is in me

It is a part of me
My fortress, my temple.
I am drawn of love
And my soul lays to rest
I have come
To love the Rock.
(Jesus, the Rock of my salvation)

OVER THERE, OVER THERE

Is it wrong to dream?
To want to make come true?
Over there, over there
Stands a mountain so tall
Green trees lined
Against the sky
Beckoning I –
Is it wrong to desire?
To feel it in your heart?
To want to take a part?
To make come true?
Over there, over there
Stands a mountain so tall
Green trees lined
Against the sky
Beckoning I –
Is it wrong to hold dear?
The thought
The desire
The tear?

All so very real
So very near?
Over there, over there
Stand a mountain so tall
Green trees lined
Against the sky
Beckoning I.

OLD LIMEKILN BRIDGE

And old tree
Covered with moss
On your way
To the bridge
Rails on both sides
I see below
The water's current
And tide –
Moss blows with the wind
I walk over
To the rail
And stand to see
Where the two are one
They greet and farewell
The glorious sun
Both are true to me
A bridge and a tree
Of long ago
I traveled often
I walked many times –

An old tree
Covered with moss
The bridge
With rails on both sides
They set with the sun
They both to me are one.
(Old Limekiln bridge, South Burlington, VT)

ROSES

Roses cry
Like some hearts do
Roses smile
Like people do
Roses feel
And give their fragrance
For all to smell
Roses when sadden
Close and die
Like friendships I've known.
I've had many roses
Red, white and yellow
They all faded in time
Or withered
From lack of water
But the splash
Of your teardrop
Has fallen upon this rose.
The tears of both
Have watered this rose

It received true
And opened up to you
The fragrance
From it's heart
Opened up this rose –
It is Red, White,And Yellow –
Red for love
White for purity and innocence
Yellow for friendship
A many colored rose
I give to you
Because it has received
Your tear so true.

MAN WASN'T MADE

Man wasn't made
To be an island
He wasn't created
To just exist
No he was made for another
Someone to share with ~
Too many people are islands
Making uncharted isles
Let's join together
And make a land.
There's no need to be
Drifting out in the sea
Weathering the waves alone
You belong on the land ~

Man wasn't made
To be an island
To bear all his burdens alone
He has a fellow man to live with
But still he stays alone.
Why do you persist on living
On an uncharted isle?
You won't exist for long
Please come and live on the land ~
When the bridges are built again
When you can walk from isle to isle
Joy will be your strength again
Sharing in your brother's smile.
Once the coral reefs are broken down
The boats will come ashore
And you'll find you're not alone
No longer anymore ~
Man wasn't made to be an island
He wasn't created to just exist
He was made for another
Someone to share with.

THE RED FERN

Red the colour of blood shed
Of courage so strong
Braking the waves of greed
And hate's bitter bond ~
Through the woods, marshes and swamps
The soldiers march uncertain

Some reaching the other side
Others facing deaths' curtain ~
There among the woods grow
Ferns of the hilly wood
The fern the emblem of humility
The tree where Jesus stood ~
I often wonder if that same fern
Where in thicket areas grown
If it happened to appear
At the foot of Jesus' throne ~
The red fern ever since
The crucifixion of Christ
Has appeared in areas of war
By chance once or twice ~
Those who have seen one
Now know its significance
The red fern of the wood
Is the emblem of brotherhood.

THEY ALL TELL A STORY

Through the eyes of the maple leaf
The thirteen stripes and fifty stars
Palaces of untold wealth
From behind prison bars –
They all tell a story every one ~
Of life and its many different ways
When the rising of the sun
To that of the moon

They all tell a story every one ~
Eternity lies around the corner
Daily life still goes on
People still carry out their tasks
They all tell a story every one ~
Revelation coming to pass
Time running short
Trumpets about to be blast
They all tell a story every one ~
Bend your ear and listen
The voice of God will abound
Light abroad will glisten
Knowledge of what's ahead will astound
They all tell a story every one ~
Listen to the story
And find out about every one
You'll find the revelation
In the Living Son.

DANCING LEAVES

The dancing leaves of my heart
Silver and gold
Blown about in the air
When you I behold.
Melt together
Dance now tell me
Love him
Blow lightly tell me
Love him.

Dancing leaves of my heart
Silver and gold
Fallen in love with him
When my eyes behold.
Dancing leaves all around
Flutter in the air
Fall to the ground
When you are there.
Gentle rays on my heart
Melt the silver and gold
I can't stop dancing in my heart
Cause your love I behold.
Dancing leaves of my heart
Silver and gold
Blown about in the air
When you I behold.

HEVENLY HEIGHTS

I cannot help but feel the air
On a mountaintop in evening.
Mid June and the hill springing
With wild mustard
The Mountains of New York State
Across Lake Champlain
A shade or two of blue and purple.
The air is heavy and still.
The locust trees are in full blossom
The bees are humming
Wild Phlox is growing in the field

Overcome by butterflies
Monarchs and swallowtails
The farmers are harvesting their hay
And the sweet smell of grass
Lingers heavy in the air.
Moisture penetrates my skin
The air is damp
The tree boughs are heavy with foliage
The wild flowers are scattered abroad.
When I see, hear and smell all this
It is so lovely
It is the perfect setting given to us.
(Atop Snake Mountain, Bridport, VT)

REST IN ME

Slow down
Rest in me
Slow down
Then you'll see, How I love thee
How I care, Want to lift you
From your despair ~
Slow down, Rest in me
Slow down, Then you'll see
How I want to set you free
To tell you that I care
To share my love with you –
Won't you tarry there?
Won't you tarry there?

THANK YOU

Thank you for being there
When I needed you
Thank you for a loving embrace
And a loving word of assurance
Thank you for your comfort
In my most trying moments
Thank you for being my friend
When all others failed.
Thank you for your tears of understanding
Thank you for ~
Your smile of warmth and Joy
Thank you for your words of strength
Thank you for
Your wisdom and correction
Thank you for your time
Spent with me when needed most
When no one else would
Thank you for telling me my faults in love
Thank you
For accepting me in my humanness
Thank you for just loving me
With no personal aims in mind.
Thank you for the gift of acceptance
And love
Thank you for just being.

WHO YOU ARE

Don’t lose who you are
In the flow of life.
Don’t get so involved
You forget your interests
What can help you.
A person is so much more
Than a frame a look or presence
More than a thought a memory
A person is a statement of truth
A legacy of spirituality.
No one can add or take away
From another
No one can rob another’s beliefs
No one can live through another
Only a person can do that himself or herself.
Don’t lose who you are for another
For a purpose or a cause
Don’t compromise who you are.
When you do you stop existing –
Foot prints left behind
They in time disappear
A body decays
But the spirit lives on.
Don’t lose who you are
In the flow of life
With all its turns.

MY FEET REST

Sweet is the air scented with flowers
The fields and trees blown in motion
A short reprieve from winter
One of exaltation and majesty
Colours to fill my mind
Pictures of life grown from seed
And harvested to reclaim the earth
Short is the season of now
Few take the time to sit and ponder
The beauty of the moment
Which so quickly escapes us.
And I drink of the nectar
Intoxicating the garden so beautiful
That adorns the earth we call home.
Today I shall be a part of you
And you can surround me
With all your lively presence.

SCATTERED

Broken moments in fragments
Disturbed day of events forthcoming
Being called upon at various hours
Not enough time to contemplate
For the day is spoken of before hand
just live through it for now
To plan a day ahead is a fantasy
For life robs you of such joys

Replaces it with responsibilities
Even those pushed upon one
That it is learning to live
By moments and naps ~
Glimmers of truth woven together
Days, weeks, months to years
Of scattered existence
Learning to ride the rogue waves
That carry you forward
Life is not consistent rather broken
This as normal in many ways
Let the mind be kind and live
Learning from all as you go
And dropping the weight of self deceit
That would rob you of the journey
That has been carved out for you.

THE GIFT

Sometimes I over analyze
Where there is nothing
I try to figure out the
Ways of another's heart
When I have all I can do
To contend with my own.
Why we question a gift
That of unconditional love?
In our world it is desired
Yet never trusting enough to capture
The gift is here and now
-235-A

Would you shoot the messenger?
Would you shoot the lover?
Do you reject what you receive
Because it is not of your standards?
The gift is given disguised
In so many ways, truly
Would you not receive with gratitude?
It amazes me the amount of people
Who have loves' gift at their door
And they keep rejecting it
For they are looking at the wrapper
And not the contents.
Love is, Love was, Love will be
And we must learn to accept it.

COFFEE

Your blend is so bitter
Mine is so strong
Together, truly
How could we go wrong?
Some like it black
Others with a mix
Some hot others cold
With taste rich and bold
Your cup needs refilling
I will send you more
Sipped, slowly savoring
Tasting the flavor to enjoy
The smell is strong my friend
-235-B

The cup is half full
More is needed I see
To sit and watch the ocean together
And listen to children's feet
And breeze so sweet
With sun so full
You beam with life and jest
My blend is strong and smooth
Yours is bitter and weak
Together how could we
Ever go wrong?
Let us brew some now
Our coffee together is strong.

RAIN

Clear drops that saturate the arid
Parched for thirst and agony
Invigorating new life on contact
You bring misery, joy
Hope, sorrow, life
In seconds you can refresh
Or rob of life and wash away
Yet so innocent just one drop
As you fall from the sky
Splattering the palm of my hand
We are so fragile and dependent
On your reservoir of substance
We dance for you, sing for you
We even walk in your formation

Welcoming the soaking of our skin
And you wash the earth of all
The filth and grime we put upon it
Without you we would cease to be
And I celebrate the drops of rain
As they fall from the sky
And land in the palm of my hand
I kiss you as the dew of the earth
And gently crystallize to ice
Melting and recycling the miracle again.

THE ROCKING CHAIR

Everyone seems to have had one
A chair that mother rocked in
All her babies when young
She kept it a symbol of motherhood
The memories of holding that little one
In arms of love and warmth
Some are alone in a corner
Others in an empty room
A testament to the person
Who did raise the family and watch
Tending with loving care her family
As time goes on the younger ones
Toss out the antiquated furniture
Too grandma they say
Today mom sent me back
Up the road a mile or two
To buy an old rocking chair

Alongside the road for sale
I had all I could do to put it
In a car not built for furniture ~
And driving with it hanging out
Cautiously I arrive home and
Lift it out of the trunk
Old, scarred, loose, nicked
My mom loved this “treasure” ~
She admired and found
With much wood soap
And tightening up of the screws
And washing of the cushion cover
With the varnish worn off ~
Here is mom’s new found joy
An old rocking chair she says
That has been worn with
A lot of love on it ~
I will never look at a rocking chair
Quite the same ever again.

THE WOODS

There is something so inviting
As a lush green forest
With tall ferns carpeting the way,
Movement with wind and breeze
They swoosh so gently ~
The sweet smell of the earth
The trees give off their fragrance
The foliage carpets the ground

As far as the eye can see ~
Cool in the shade and noisy
The creatures clamor above
Looking down on the intruder
Who has entered their world ~
One of wonder and magic
You walk and leave no trace
You cannot be found here
Unless you really want to ~
No, I really do not want to
Be found nor interrupted,
I have thrown away my watch
All things have stopped you see ~
For I have come home today,
My heart is in the clay
The stone, earth and sky
They lovingly embrace me
Hush, I sleep on the carpet beneath.

KNOWING

This cycle is near completion
I feel the release in my soul
I will glean the last harvest
That of true knowing
I have done my best
Satisfied I can let go
Accepting what life brings me
Life all along was the gift

To have lived and enjoyed
Loving along the way.

MY BACK DOOR

Slumber leaves me
I awake looking out
The moonlight outlines
The lawn and beyond ~
Upwards the stars shine
It is the quiet of night
That things are still,
My mind comes alive
I look out my back door ~
It is here I see tomorrow
The thoughts have a voice
Competing to uproot my peace
The souls of men churn ~
Melding together as one
The ghost of Babylon arises
Ones brink on the precipice
I bolt the door down ~
Vision intrudes within
To know is to pray
Your Spirit blows through me
Your word comforts me,
It helps anchor me
To the Rock solid
Jesus Christ.

VANITY

I learned well to be the part
Which society ruled out to me
Obediently I lived my role ~
The scales of knowledge
Trivia and polite like
The scales of vision,
Plastered across my being
The illusion of grandeur
Luster, glamour, sensation ~
The scales of hunger
That of insatiable desire
The wantonness for more,
The gluttony of over fulfillment
The scales of touch
To feel with no limits ~
Upon thy tongue, stomach
To feel within ones soul
Pleasures always new,
Vanity, yes vanity I learned
And we play to it daily
In the company of others ~
Always pondering of others
What their perceptions of us are
We live our lives on display,
To portray all the things that
Society says makes us a success
That we need in this world of ours ~
Which we spend our lives getting

Realizing we have no need for
And in the process we burn the wick,
The lamp goes out and
We find ourselves in the dark
I learned vanity will betray you ~
It will destroy and leave you
For another new person
I recovered and saw myself
And liked what I saw;
No longer do I measure myself,
I threw away Vanity's scales.

HE LOOKS

One day you are cruising,
The next you're in shock
We are never prepared for
what life will bring our way ~
Each of us will experience
something we do not want to;
Our lives we have no control over,
Foolish is the man who thinks he does.
The world plans ahead their tomorrows
They propagate the lie of eternity,
One will never die but live forever ~
One will never age, one will never slow down
So much is focused on this life
And surviving the lies and truth
That are presented to us,
that we tend to forget

To tend the garden of our souls ~
Our life is but a test,
one of obedience to the Creator
He gives us what he wills
and sees how we receive it ~
At his hand he doles out
various talents and gifts
He tends the hearts of those
who give to him their labors ~
Of obedience walking in love
God knows we are sinful
He looks beyond that for honesty,
To see if we are truthful regardless
Of our inability to be pure on our own ~
Do not take your eyes off the prize
Not for a moment for it can disappear
When you let your guard down ~
Guard your soul with zest
Let no one deceive you to think
You cannot lose your soul -
You can and you will IF:
You become lax at hand and
Give it to pleasures neglecting
So great a gift as your salvation ~
Never neglect the Holy Spirit
For Yahweh will not always
Reside with man or be with him,
He will only be with his
That know his voice and follow him.
(Hebrews 10:36-39)

HIS VOICE

Stretch not your hand
To the cursed thing
It will taint your soul
Dwell in the light
Bask in my presence
Open your heart to me
Long suffering I am to you
Let me hold you
And heal your inner child
Come as you are
Let me love you into the kingdom
I will burn the chaff
And purify your soul
I give you new life in me
Let go of those things
Walk new in me
I will bring you in new heights
I will establish you on high
Become my Bride my love
Without spot or wrinkle
Alive in me forevermore.

LATCH

Not all that shines is light
Not all shapes are shadows
Not everything that one sees
Is reality or truth

Use the guide I gave you
Discernment and knowledge
Then you will see beyond
The illusions and blindness
Not all that speaks is real
Not all that lives brings life
Latch on to wisdom and live.

OUR LIFE

If we are called in love
Let us live in love
Let us remain in love.
Never let being right
Over shadow that of loving
Overlook the faults of others ~
Think of your own forgiven
And pass that on to another
Never see the stain of sin,
See the image of Jesus
Upon each man that walks
See in faith a new creature.
One the master redeemed
One he loved enough
To let his only son die,
To take their place
Let us walk in love
The gospel by our actions ~
Let us consider others above us
Putting their needs first

That is all men,
Even those not of the faith
We can only walk in love
When we treat everyone
As made in God's image,
Worthy to be loved.
When we see others above ourselves
We have the master's heart
He came to serve not be served.
No servant is above his master
Let us walk in love
Breathe and live love
With our whole being,
Our life will be our words
Our life will be his legacy.
(John 12:26; Galatians 5:13; Luke 16:13)

HIS LIFE

There was never a clearer voice
That did ring true
As Jesus Christ ~
He came to heal us
To take away our pain
Our selfishness and hatred ~
He came to show us peace
A lasting enduring love
One that is truly possible ~
His words are carried forth
By unction of the Holy Spirit

There is life in his words ~
Jesus begotten of God
Came in the form of a servant
He emptied himself to our level ~
He lived among us as one of us
He felt all our pain
And endured all temptation to man,
Yet he sinned not
He is the way, the truth
He is the life eternal ~
No one can take that away
From a soul that is his
He seals us as his own,
He has inscribed us
On the palms of his hands ~
The sheep know their master
They hear his voice
And follow only him ~
There was never a clearer voice
That did ring true
As of Jesus Christ.
(Isaiah 49:16; John 1:1-4; 6:63-68, Psalm 119:160)

DISREGARD / FORSAKEN

We have been called to banquet
On list of invitation
Yet is says forth many an excuse
One I have business to attend
Another I have livelihood to attend

Another I have a spouse to attend ~
All say they cannot come
These the called out ones
Make excuse to the master
They are too busy to attend
The banquet in the kingdom
For their kingdom is here, now ~
This angers the master greatly
He vows none of those invited
Who slight him now in busyness
Shall taste of his banquet ~
Then he has his servants
Compel all without invitation
To fill the vacancies
Which slight and arrogance esteem ~
Shall we never forsake Jesus
Who had called us before
For the busyness of our lives
To which exclude him.
(Luke 15:16-24)

HUMANITY

In the name of humanity
I am not always right
Nor am I always wrong
I am who I am ~
In the name of humanity
You are who you are
And I will not change that

It is not my business
Nor is it my right to do so
I can only accept you as is ~
In the name of humanity
Let us learn to accept each other
Without trying to change one another
For we are individually made
And each meant for a purpose ~
In the name of humanity
I can smile on you today
For your being has a lesson
For me to learn while knowing you ~
In the name of humanity
Don't forget we need each other
To build, move, live
And to have our being.

A DREAM

How we all have had them,
some have come true
and some have not.
When one is birthed within us
we can hardly contain it,
we aspire to bring it to fruition.
Those who are blessed live theirs,
those who do not must find
a way to keep the dream alive.
You may not live your dream in life,
but inside you can still keep it alive.

Always hold onto them,
for they give us a cause
to remain young, vibrant and alive.
I may just be a regular worker,
but inside I am something else.
I can nurture that artist talent,
I can let my soul believe in it within,
and feel a part of it in my mind.
My desire can compliment others,
who are blessed to do what we
ourselves are not fortunate to become.
It makes the daily grind of obligation
doable, to fulfill our function in life.
You may be able to strip me
of all that I own or have,
but no one can take away
the dreams within my heart.
There is a place that God
had put within me to hold onto.
It is my pursuit for a miracle,
some just take place long after
we have been gone and forgotten.
Something we did set it in motion,
the fruits of our labor come later
when we are not around to see it ~
Never, never, never give up your dream
For you know not who will benefit by it.

RESTORE

Things are too wonderful
I cannot contain them
A pearl of great price
That I have found
No one knows my joy
I enter there
I grieve my failings
Finding new grace
I have been renewed
Solid in your anchor
Put a right spirit in me
That I may walk in your ways.

WORDS

Words Are Ripples that make waves
Words are healing strokes to ones inner being
Words build a man, break a man
Words, we eat them, we live them
Words, we are responsible for them.

CO-EXIST

God in his infinite wisdom
Knowing the hearts of men
Left us tares and wheat
To abide side by side
Many try to rip out the tares

Only injuring their own roots
In the process given as growth ~
There will always be error and truth
It is not for us to correct others
It is for us to live the truth
And in so doing by example
Showing others the way in love ~
It is known that pride
Raises up self-righteousness
In those self appointed
To correct others boldly,
Forsaking humility and fear
Of tending to their own selves,
But rather the business of others ~
May we always remember
It is the Holy Spirit
That is our only teacher
Not men or their doctrines,
And it is obedience to the Word
That gives guidance in freedom ~
The Body of Christ
Suffers greatly even today
With members chiding one another,
Pride brings forth division
And they walk in darkness
Though they profess the Light.

FEAR NOT

Close the world out and seek me
The day is long over
The night is almost spent,
It is the last hours of dark
Before the morning dawn ~
Deafen the noise around you
Quiet your busy mind
See the hour you're in,
Hear my trumpet blaring
This is the last hour
Before the clock strikes down ~
Your whole life has been one
Of preparation for this moment
Yet your flesh wants to cling,
On to the old and familiar
It shall soon no longer exist ~
I am returning soon
For I am standing at the door
Come away to me my child.
Leave all that you have known
Hold your hand in mine
Quickly it shall be over,
Do not fear the storm or waves
That shall close in upon you
Step into the light of my presence ~
With hands raised high
With prayer, petition and praise
Press in ever the more,

As the world dissolves before you
For I hold your soul in my hands
Together, life for evermore.
(Revelation 14:12-13; 22:14-17)

THE BURDEN SHALL PASS

It is a hard road to walk alone
Discouragement with every step
Tempted to almost give up
Yet something inside says keep going ~
This is a barren wasteland
Only death thrives here
Men are called through it
To test their obedience and resolve
Purification draws out all dross
One then will emerge the victor ~
The cup is bitter with dregs
Not everyone can drink from it.
Oh Pilgrim, be faithful in this
The dark shadows shall soon pass~
My soul is weighed heavy
Sorrow has seized my heart
I feel the failure of life
The loss of all I had loved
It is almost too much for me
To bear in silence and solitude ~
I call my spirit within me
To remember the former things
Dwelling on the Power of God

To deliver in the dark
Parting waters that would flood me ~
Oh Master, set my feet
On the Rock that is higher than I
Bring Joy once more to my soul
That I may fellowship in love
Renew me as thou art life,
Put a new song within my heart
Let your Joy fill me I pray.

TODAY

Let us not borrow trouble in advance
Anxiety and stress would just follow.
When our eyes are off the present
We are trying to see the future;
Enjoy what you have now
Be content in your circumstances,
Your value is not determined by them.
If we could just grasp this -
This present moment is all we have,
Then the hour, the day comes alive
We shall see true life like never before,
We become rich people for doing this.
(Matthew 6:34)

THE POWER OF LOVE

A rush of mighty wind
Has blown across me today

Refreshed with new vision
I have awakened from slumber
The body is coming together
By divine appointment we connect
Many questions with no answers
Now they all make sense ~
Knowledge was revealed today
The Holy Spirit has kindled
My eyes see vision and truth
Fear has diminished to love ~
How pleasant it is when
Brethren dwell together
It is the oil on Aaron's head
Flowing down, life forevermore ~
The anointing is upon us
It shall consume us as
We dwell in the inner sanctuary,
His presence is our high tower
The sleeper is gone for good ~
Take up your sword for armor
Strengthen yourself for battle
Your head covering is nigh
Follow his leading quietly ~
He always reveals to us first
What he is going to perform
Let the wind blow over you
The love fill you anew ~
For if we fail to walk in love
We shall never make it
No knowledge can substitute

For the power of love
That we walk in through Him.
Let my heart be circumcised new
To bleed out all the pain of sin.

NO REGRETS

You knew from the beginning
Who I was and how I live
I cannot change for anyone
I am comfortable within myself
My life to you may be bland
Boring and quite uneventful
Yet I find my life rich
Full of blessings beyond comparison ~
Worldly, that I am not
That part of me died long ago
What you see now is one renewed
Refined by the Spirit in love
There is a higher road in life
That one can choose to take ~
What sacrifices I have given here
Shall pale with the reward there
It is simple you see
The Master has come into my life
And I am forever changed
This is my life now,
And I have no regrets.

CLING TO THE ROCK

Many times I have seen this:
An individual works for a company
Others build on top of their work
Others take credit and are noticed
Then that person does quit their job.
All of a sudden everyone's shocked
Cannot understand why in the world
They would ever quit working with them?
But the leader takes great notice.
And once they are gone
Others have to work much harder.
These are a dying breed,
They are what others call spoilers
For they were raised solid work ethic.
So they carry most of the load
While others are rewarded for less.
This is the downfall of a work force.
It embitters hard workers and loyalty.
It ruins their care and pride.
They go from maximum to minimum.
Those who refuse to mar their integrity
Leave the work place to reinvent themselves,
The others hating their jobs hang in
Out of necessity hoping for retirement.
I find what goes around comes around.
And I am told this great truth:
One may have been a stone in the mud
That may never been seen nor heard

Yet they were part of the foundation,
When they left it damaged the balance,
That building was never the same.
Remember, things of this world are passing -
They may want blood from a stone,
Do not build on shifting sand,
Forever cling unto the Rock.
(Psalm 118:6-8)

UNPREPARED

Great anguish and despair
Soon we will be engulfed in
The hearts of men will fail them
For the evil that will personify,
Great shall it wax upon the earth
People shall be filled with terror.
Unspeakable atrocities shall flourish
Removal of all decency and humane
The mark will require of such
To those who choose to follow,
Blinded eyes and seared souls
Robots of destruction eager to perform
That which is required of them.
And the saints pray and weep
For the loss of all life, of all creation
Lawlessness has made many cold
They lost their soul and heart
To give homage to the devil;
As he comes in the name of peace

Many shall compromise who once
Walked in the truth of Jesus
They are storing up his wrath
Very soon to be applied upon them.
The world casts an illusion
Appealing to selfish hearts
Acquire, acquire yet more
Not realizing it shall all burn up
On that day of his coming ~
Many shall scream and cast down
Their riches in the streets
Begging for deliverance from him
Who comes with vengeance and wrath.
With time no more eternity is manifest
Tears are wiped away, sorrow gone-
The deeds of men are rewarded.

WHAT CAN A MAN GIVE?

What can a man give for his soul?
How can he redeem it?
He cannot within his own power
For it has been done for us.
The price was paid by Jesus,
He died so that we may live
To be reunited with God.
Do we value the price that was paid?
Do we esteem it rich and good?
Do we honor His sacrifice with our life?
We cease to be our own

For we belong to Him.
What can a man give for his soul?
How can he redeem it?
He cannot do so for it is done
And we cannot negate so great
A salvation paid on the torture stake.
We are called to be His righteousness
In an unholy world fallen away from Him.
Let us be the Living Word that others see
To testify to His goodness and Holiness.
Let us walk in righteous Love
Not favoring men nor those lost.
Let us walk in truth with Holiness
To be sanctified and worthy in Him.

THORNED

What happens to the human heart
That has calloused and scarred?
What hope can one bring to a stone?
To see one that can no longer weep,
No longer feel or be moved?
Oh flesh of stone I mourn for you
Forsake the thorn that so pricks,
Heal up the wound that bleeds so
Know that life is possible for you.
Remove the holds that bind you
Discard the cords of pain and sorrow
Take of the balm of Gilead to your lips.
No longer are you called a stone

But a renewed flower in the garden
To spring forth and bring fragrance
To grace the table where you will sit.
Let the new wine fill you overflowing
Bringing forth joy and gladness.
This is my gift I give to you freely
Soak up my presence and blossom
To become what I created you for.

PEACE

Peace I give to you
So live within your members,
False peace the world hails
Boasting of its many accomplishments.
They build castles in the sand,
The waters shall wash them all away ~
The only peace is mine within
For there is no lasting peace
In the world – ever.
It is folly and pride to say so
To play god with the lives of men ~
No one can boast of others temperament
Or rule the actions of men.
So you know this, don't be alarmed.
Keep your eyes on me
Stay in my presence and live ~
Walk in my word and peace,
Keep what you have, guard it.

Let no one steal your comfort.
I come soon, be ready.

PROVISION

Great and mighty is he
Creator of all things life
He will always make a way
A provision where there is none ~
Jealous his zeal for righteousness
Protector of the devoted faithful
With great love and pity
He remembers man is but dust ~
Gently he nurtures the weak
Cleans him, sets him up
On the rock of his word
Giving man a sure foundation ~
Love, deep beyond measure
He came here to redeem us
Giving the last drop of blood
To cleanse our sins forever ~
Humble beginnings you were formed
Molded in his holy hands
Breath of life blown into you
Knowledge formed into you reason ~
Great and mighty is he
Creator of all things life
He will always make a way
A provision where there is none.

SUNBEAM

I just want to find a sunbeam
Soak it up all day long
And when I do walk away
I will be rejuvenated and strong ~
The warmth of light particles
Fly above me in the air
Basking in their golden rays
Energy and love I feel there ~
Light does grow up life
In things around us so
So I cherish my sunbeams
With gratitude of heart aglow ~
Sunshine given to mankind
From light years away
Bring healing touch and contentment
Giving meaning to my day ~
So God sends us rays
Of light into our lives
Through people and circumstances
So above our problems we'd rise.

INVITATION

Addressed to the individual
The request to attend
There are no after thoughts,
You must decide for yourself.
If you chose to be there:

For love and respect mostly
Of the Host that beckons.
Excuses not to attend
Are replaced with the downcast;
The best were invited first
But elevated their importance,
Too great to step down
And humbly commit their way.
Shocked and greatly dismayed
When they expect to be received
At the end of their life
When they rejected the Christ.
Thinking temporal things their life
And casting down their invitation,
There are no excuses left.
Once you have shut the door
Do not expect to be received.
(Matthew 22:1-14)

SEIZE THE MOMENT

We each are given
A day at a time
To build task upon task,
Or we can procrastinate
Put off what we could do
Never build a foundation to last ~
We often measure one's worth
By all that they have done
Yet we fail to actually realize,

It is within all our scope
For it is the little things we do
That we give faithfulness to ~
Let us not look with envy
Onto what others do possess
For we each are called to live,
It's attending to what is ours
Using the talents we were given
Which are in our hands to give.
(Psalm 31:23; Matthew 25:21;
Revelation 21:5-8).

HIS VOICE

Without warning it happens
One day you are taken from here
No longer in the land of living
No warning, no premonition
Suddenly your life is no longer,
Gone from this world to waiting
For the resurrection of the dead ~
Life with all its trials and turmoil
Will be over with soon enough
Not able to come back and finish
What is left unfinished, unsaid
Or what was never done when able,
Just a long sleep waiting for time
To give up its members in sequence ~
Like the snap of the fingers
Gone, leaving an emptiness

That you once did live and fill,
No one can know your final thoughts
Your unsaid wishes and dreams
Never to communicate again
With loved ones and family ~
There are no guarantees
Of living again tomorrow
Today is the day of salvation
Ready for the asking and taking.
Do not put off today what is yours
To receive, embrace and live,
Once gone you cannot come back
To ask for what you turned away.
(2 Corinthians 6:2/Hebrews 3:15)

BECOMING STRONGER

In front of me the picture window
Frames the two trees together
Their branches reach outward
Intertwined one tree to the other
They have become mingled, one ~
Some people touch our lives
Intertwined and far reaching
The lines blur between us
Proximity making you dependent,
That removal would be fatal ~
The wind blows through those trees
Each limb, branch and leaf
Swaying in perfect harmony

Once foliage becomes blossomed
The symphony of life explodes ~
Creator planted them side by side
Knowing they would need each other
To compliment and contribute
The nutrients much needed
To sustain for growth and endurance ~
I saw my life in front of me
Knowing one day a tree must die
Leaving the other by itself
Yet having grown in the others shadow,
Becoming stronger for it.

EXAMPLE

Thinking back upon my childhood
I remember one late summer day
In the cool of the evening
Sitting upon stacked fence posts
Blowing a full seed dandelion,
My mother calling me inside to bed ~
I thought looking up at the cooling sky
With the moon in full view
Long before satellites or cell phones
When life was a dirt road
Or only a two lane street,
What would the future hold for me ~
How I long for those earlier days
The innocence and simplicity
Of my mother's prayers by my bed

Her cooking, smells filling the house
Working in the garden for supper
And gathering bouquet of flowers ~
Just the single party line for the phone
The whole neighborhood used it,
The clothes my mother made and sewed
For each one of us eight kids,
The six burner gas stove and oven
Made many a meal with love ~
I see where my life has taken me;
Far from the love that surrounded me
To those who need what I learned
In kind to share what I had been given
In kindness sharing the warmth and love,
The hugs from the human heart.

COMPLETE

Scripture instructs us to teach
Our children in the way to go,
Saying they will not depart from it.
Maturity, restlessness, building a life
Each of us branches out to change
Often leaving behind the instruction
Given to us when children.
It is in the stream of one's life
The presence of mind is there
To reach backwards and grasp
The wisdom you one time knew.
God does watch over his children

His Word returns to him not void
For it moves the hearts of men
To the source of life, it's Creator,
The circle is then complete.

ALIVE

More than ever I do not want to forget
Your person, who you were to me
I don't want time to erase the memories
That I held so close and dear.
Moving forward has a way to push
In the distance what once was near,
I don't want to lose who I am
Or who you helped make me to be ~
Time does heal all things yet with it
Much is removed and replaced
I don't want to ever diminish
Who you were to me or are,
Even though you are beyond the stars
And have returned unto the Father
So it is, ever working to live
While keeping the memories alive.

LETTING GO

Letting go…
Of all that you held dear
What you thought upon or pondered
Letting go…

Of all that bound you to the world
To others, to worldly things
Letting go…
Walking away from wrong spirits
Wrong teachings and voices
Letting go…
Learning to yield and but trust
In Jesus Christ and him alone
Letting go…
Resting in His strength
Learning and growing in His Word
Letting go…
Mostly of your own identity
Losing yourself and becoming Him
Letting go…
The vines that choke will die
Lose their hold on your soul and fall
Letting go…
When Jesus is your everything, then
And only then you begin to live.
Are you strong enough I ask you,
To let go?

HE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

He is at the door knocking
We are that close at hand
To his return upon us
Come, let us stand ~
For it is not a given

That we shall all make it there
For many shall fall away
Giving up of their share ~
Thinking this life plentiful
Falling in love with it now
Not thinking of eternity
And losing it all somehow ~
It is said many on that day
Will come before his throne
And lament greatly out loud
With tears spilling upon the stone ~
Did we not do many things?
In your name for the kingdom
And he will turn them away
Forbid them to him to come ~
For they will be found wanting
For the things they said and did
Although their words spoke of him
Their hearts greatly slid ~
He is at the door knocking
We are that close at hand
To his return upon us
Come, let us stand.

THE MANY

Given to us are the many
Who we enjoyed and loved
And then they are taken away,
I have lost multiple cherished ones

Never to be known ever again ~
Like the building of a chain
Link upon a link adds the length
Each is a different segment of strength
Which is added to the whole
Necessary for the completion of one ~
How often we do admire the beauty
Of the finished work that we see
Not realizing the painful process
In the making of the item deemed,
For all we see is the finished product ~
Often we tend to view others the same
As success without any pain or failures
Disregarding the reality of hardships
That life brings to all of us
In all its many forms and challenges ~
When I see falling leaves, they remind me
Of friends that no longer are
For God has removed them from my life,
They had become the building blocks
In the chain I wear around my heart ~
Their faces I shall always see.

RESTRAINED

Holy is the Lord that reigns
He changes us within, our desires
Our nature slowly becomes that of Christ
To where we are refined
Subdued and restrained are our passions

The flesh learns to submit to the Spirit
For where our true growth does come ~
Confined to the essence of holiness
Sensitive to the Spirit's groaning
We avoid grieving the Lord
Wanting more than anything to please
Him and him alone in our lives,
For he bought us with a great price
We honor him by living for him ~
Harnessed we become, locked in
For the mind of Christ does lead us
Ever showing what more needs to die
So that we can conform to his image,
The more I yield I do grow
And with that comes rebirth, renewal
Living in the freedom of his truth.

STRENGTHEN TO ENDURE

Sometimes there is such a loneliness
Only God himself can touch the ache,
In this world each day gets harder
The circle gets smaller of people
That you can trust or love ~
It seems the task of following Jesus
Gets heavier and the weight is too much,
It is then I cast my burden onto Him
To sustain me when I feel life is too much
And that I cannot carry on anymore ~
Everything seems to go in circles

Of which go wider and further away,
We lose contact with loved ones
And the things that matter most in life
It is then I have to breathe in the moment ~
Jesus never said it would be easy
He said the cost would be everything,
All that we hold dear and believe in
Surrendered to die to his will for us
Ever trusting in his invisible hands ~
We to self talk and say to ourselves
His promise that he would never leave,
Nor forsake me, no matter where we go
He would be with us through it,
It is that which strengthens us to endure.

SMELLING LIKE A ROSE

I have often been perplexed how often
I had found myself in some predicaments,
Like falling into a manure pile and coming up
Smelling like a rose,
It is the humor of God himself for I found
It was His good pleasure and timing that
Brought me to the place of roses ~
It was not luck, nor stupidity,
Rather I ponder upon it as living within
The given moment and being drawn forward
Into a new realm of reality,
Some was pleasant, others were not
Yet I always landed on my feet ~

I always did believe in God, I still do
Greatly have I relied upon him for everything
For I often have said the following:
“It is my job to live life,
It is God’s job to look after the foolish.”
Naive, inexperience, innocence,
All calling factors for roaring lions
And whining wolves often seeking prey ~
You see, no matter the circumstances
No matter how unbelievable or dire
God is always there with us,
Walking through it,
The true Rose giving us his fragrance.

WARMTH AND COMFORT

It is full winter outside
With the flakes blowing in the air,
Meanwhile I sit in my shorts and tank top
In my heated apartment looking outside ~
Two worlds simultaneously exist
Each bantering with the other
Through the glass panes so lighted,
It is only slumber that pushes it away ~
Even in the dead of winter
Life manages to go on around us,
Birds still fly and sing
The wind still blows melodies
Soothing tones to quiet one within ~
Everything lives all at the same time

They overlap one another
On another plane which will eventually merge
To the other and relinquish the harshness
Of transition of change and growth ~
Dreaming prophets of future days
How we want to bring forth plans
That enlarge our minds and hearts,
Yet it is God who decides all things.
I am heading for rest,
To lay down my thoughts
To dwell on the Love of God
For he is here right now,
The warmth and comfort I so need.

NEW

I am nothing when I become
selfish, self centered, hard hearted,
I am nothing when I think
Less of others and more of myself,
I am nothing when I do
Blow my own horn for recognition,
When I demand retribution,
When I demand compensation,
I am nothing when I only see
Others shortcomings to but
Praise my superior qualities of strength,
I am nothing when I think
What I do does not affect others
My actions carry no repercussions,

I am nothing when I live
As singular, that I am the
Only one that matters and no one else.
Yes, I am nothing! Truly nothing!
For humanity in its Adam nature
Has failed since the beginning of time.
Oh Lord in heaven, please forgive
My failures and sinfulness as
I forgive that of others.
When I have learned to do so
Then I am something: your child,
A new creature in Christ.

AWARENESS

It is a privilege, it is an honor
For life and a second chance,
Not all are given as such ~
One spot in early dawn is darkness
Changing of the seasons to cold,
What was the early kiss of dawn
Dew on the shrubs and grass sparkling
Turns to frosted grass like glass
When one walks on it, it breaks ~
Other places across the world
The light of morning brings heart,
Already perspiring and sweating
Even as you wake for the day ~
Shall I never complain again
Of small inconveniences, for I

Have the breath of life within me,
Still given opportunity to repent
To make restitution and restore,
To heal the broken which I caused
And to make things right in my power ~
It is a privilege, it is an honor
For life and a second chance,
Not all are given as such.

TO SEEK

Only Jesus can heal the blind
And open their eyes to see,
Heal those that are deaf
To hear his voice and direction,
Heal the bound tongue
Loosing the mute's vocal cords;
And men are all of these.
It is such for a great reason
For it is in the seeking only
That God may be found.
He does not take what is holy
To be trampled upon by swine.
The Word of God is a Pearl
Of great price, that it cost
Jesus Christ to give his life.
So only fitting it is
That we surrender ours to Him.
In so doing we then can
See, hear and speak holiness

Those who disregard, disbelieve
Are walking blindly in the dark,
Never knowing their true Creator.

COMPLETE TRUTH

Fear is truth to those
Who do not believe.
Believing is ownership
Which expels all fear.
Lust, desires, itching ears
Pulls many souls away.
Slumber lulls to sleep watchmen
Who know not how to endure.
Sacrificed as a libation –
Grace is gratitude to endure
Giving one's life in the fight.
My goal is the Crown
Of Righteousness awarded me
By the King himself that day.
I have not faith in those
Whose gospel bears no scars
Of afflictions and sufferings for Christ.
When I listen to teachers of men
I have silenced the Holy Spirit's
Voice from ever being heard;
That is death of the soul.
Be not caught up with doctrines
Or the winds that carry them,

For when you have Christ
You have complete truth.

ON THE THRONE

The Holy Spirit is our teacher
He was given to us to direct
With Wisdom of application.
Man cannot teach man
For he keeps moderating "truth"
Until it changes completely.
Jesus gave the truth
Yet only a remnant believed
So only a few He could save.
In all my ways I must
Acknowledge God to direct
My paths, steps, ways
For only in doing this shall
I succeed in my ways ~
No one seems to linger
At His holy mountain anymore.
They hear His voice then run
With their interpretation of it.
He desires I stay in His presence
Until I become like Him.
Men's knowledge of the truth
Often kills the messenger, deliverer
Who came to set him free....

And there are many empty altars
In the hearts of mankind where
God once was on the throne.

RESTORATION

I did focus on love
I did focus on injustice
I did focus on world politics
I did focus on reasoning
I did focus on end results
I did focus on world peace
I did focus on answers
I did focus on equality
I did focus on restoration
I did focus on law and order -
And I have found
In this world there is none.
I did see much evil
I did see much hatred
I did see much greed
I did see much indifference
Then God raised my eyes
To look within his
And he gave me my balance
Of being loved in
The midst of a lost world -
That has restored me.

JESUS THE CHRIST

Jesus Christ the anointed one
Came to all mankind
To restore them to the Father.
He opposed traditions
He opposed religion
That does oppress.
He did not start something new
He did not sanction self praise
He reclaimed the father's love
To a lost and dying world.
He did not ask we teach
Doctrines, or beliefs, or cults
He asked that we repent
Change our rebellious ways
And be obedient to the Father
His law of love.
I have found that all religion
Is but man made.
Man takes often a truth
And professes a declaration of it.
He enshrines it, upholds it
Worships the knowledge of truth
While walking in self will.
Religion is man's conception
Of the thought of God.
He makes his mind a conduit
While his heart remains his own.
God never was a religion

He is pure love, mercy, grace
Which man must establish
A relationship with him.
Many who believe have a
False sense of spiritual security.
At the white throne the Lord
Will not honor religion
Or works, or deeds as justification
For only grace and mercy reigns.
When I threw off the yoke
Of religiosity, I became free
To see God for who he is:
He alone is life, love
That should be enough.

GERIATRIC CENTRAL,
EVERYTHING BUT THE WHEELCHAIR RAMP

Where do I start? Geriatric Central is what I call my parents House. For it is there that I live with them. It wasn't always that way. I remember growing up on a spacious farm with an old farmhouse. There was my mom and dad, my five sisters and two brothers, and my invalid great grandmother who lived with us. And from time to time the occasional foster child that we would take in. Growing up one of eight children truly was an experience I shall never forget. I remember so many things of those days. Mostly the generations of wisdom from my grand parents, parents to us. The span of three generations and then a large family only added to all the things I learned and lived.

I had since moved a long time ago from that old farm house. It got sold in the name of commercial progress and totally destroyed of all historical value and charm in the name of business. I had moved to other towns but have come out of necessity to move in with my parents. This was not my choice but destiny would have it so.

The house we live in now was started by my brother, who had a tragic accident. With the house not finished all the construction men and sub contractors came in record time and had the house completed within the month so my parents could move in as they had planned, for the other house was sold. This house is now twelve years old. And I can start from there with the story. When the house was somewhat new, I moved in.

My dad having never truly mourned my brothers passing internalized it. That had caused a stroke that affects him even now so much later. I saw my parents age terribly. The loss of a child will do that to you. My father has always been the independent type. He loved to mow his lawn. I think all men like the smell of fresh mowed grass. It does smell like fresh cut hay, a reminisce of the farm. He would do one part and I would take the second mower and do the other part. We always seemed to work together and in record time get it done. Then it was small things that were odd. He would mow the lawn close to the road where the culvert is. He would get stuck and all of us from time to time would pull him out. But he could go back in the same spot and keep getting stuck. He would go in the garage and get a huge metal bar with an iron wedge at the end and use it to lift the mower up. Total strangers would stop and get out of their cars and help lift the mower out of the ditch. This got so bad that I would have to

drive my car on the lawn, take a chain or rope and tie it to the lawn mower and pull it off the lawn. As time went on he would complain I was not doing a good job. I had a nice pattern up and down. He would take to mowing the lawn in various circles, making it look all cut up from the road. Then it was mom. One day I came home and thought, wow I smell a barbeque. Since when did mom get a grill? I walked into the house and found a skillet on the stove, black smoke everywhere with the skillet about ready to catch fire. I brought it outside and we had to air out the whole house.

Mom put the skillet on with butter to heat it up to cook something. Then she walked away and forgot it. One day I came home from work, and mom was blaming me for plugging the toilet. She said I used it and plugged it up with the water backing up through the ceiling into the cellar. The water was on the pool table which happened to be covered with my stack of blue jeans on top of it for quilting.

I ran upstairs and told mom off. I was yelling at her, telling her I had enough of her crap and I was not to blame. I did not use that toilet nor plug it. My dad was walking in at the moment and so was my nephew. It grew rather heated. I told mom she needed to get rid of her cheap water saving toilet and get one with a higher flush to it and this would not happen again. Needless to say mom apologized by writing a note on a three inch by three inch piece of paper leaving it on the counter for me to read. Dad asked if I read it, and I said no I threw it away. Then I got money and moved into an apartment. My dad at the time begged me not to move out but to stay to take care of mom. I said no and he made my life miserable about moving. I had to move all my furniture with no help from everyone with a

disability and a bad back. I had re-sprained it at that time doing so. One apartment was actually a house. I ended up leaving there when the landlord complained about supporting his daughter and boyfriend. I could feel a rent hike coming my way. So I left for a much smaller studio apartment.

It was okay but my landlord was a 92 year old smoker. I could smell the smoke come in my side from her house through the electrical outlets. I was always fearful she would burn the house down. Her daughter in law got the house and sold it without telling me until a month later. It was a verbal agreement between her and her friend that bought the house, a wealthy man always ready to make a buck. No one told me he would be my landlord. With great distaste in my mouth I had no choice but to move back home.

Life has a funny way of happening. As I lived there and worked full time, I was noticing more and more peculiar behavior. My mother I would catch her standing at the French doors looking outdoors wandering off in thought. She was a thousand miles away. Her memory was not what it use to be. I cleaned the bathroom for her. She was in a hurry to go to the grocery store. Being the fashion hound that she is, she grabbed a can to hairspray her hair. She did not have her glasses on so she grabbed basin tub and tile foam cleaner instead of hairspray. She sprayed her hair with it, making a white stiff glob in her hair like mousse. She was in a hurry so she said the hell with it and went to the grocery store anyways. She told me coming back home she got a lot of looks and stares. I bet she did! We had a good laugh over that I tell you. My mother is the type that would be happy to live in an empty warehouse. She goes around looking at things and it

will bother her all night long things that are not neat or orderly. She constantly gives things away. I bought her several silk night caps for her hair to wear to bed. She had too many and gave them away. Then she was looking for more because she accidentally threw her only one away. So she had to go out and replace what she gave away. This is a pattern of getting rid of things, then replacing the very thing she got rid of. My advice to a care taker is to put it away out of sight and bring it back as if you bought it new. Never get rid of things.

There are other moments that are more advanced. When she goes to bake in the kitchen and forgets to put a major ingredient in. Or walks away and forgets she has it going. The other day she laid down for she was tired. I had already left. Something told me to come home. I find mom had water boiling on the stove with sugar in it to make hummingbird food. You don't need to put the sugar in it. You should put it in after the water has boiled. She has her way of doing it. So I pulled the paste off the burner, one inch from burning down to the pan. Sugar was coated all over the burners. I added water back in with ice cubes, and then I filled the humming bird feeder. It is sad to watch a parent lose their short term memory, their long term memory and their memory in general. My father has dementia. He can look at me and say, "Who are you?" And I tell him I am his daughter and I live with him. Or he will say, "I hear you live here". And I say, "Yes dad, I live here with you". He does not always recognize me or my siblings. Those who live out of state he asks me, "Who are they?"

He suffers little mini seizures in the brain which affects him. He was put on one medicine that made him a zombie. So we had

to have it changed. There are days when it is filled with long dead silence. It is hard to find things that he can do or talk about. One good thing is to get him out of the house for a ride.

I will never remember a few years back. This is a classic! My mother was going to drive my dad to church Sunday morning. Well my car was close to the house very close to her car port. Mom went to back out her car and saw mine. Rather than wake me up to move my car, she asks my dad who has limited eyesight. He is guiding her to “angle” her car out of the garage to get around my car. However, mom angled it to the right not the left and was about to hit my car. What stopped her is she ripped her side view mirror off the car doing so. So she woke me up. With just a nightgown and barefoot I ran outdoors in the snow and moved my car. Then I had her pull back in the garage. I noticed some fluid had leaked out of her car and said it was not safe to drive. Meanwhile mom called my sisters husband to come up and look at it.

Well I managed to pop the side view mirror back on mom’s car for her. Her car was leaking antifreeze. So mom decides to jump in dad’s Lincoln and decided she was going to leave her car as is and take dad in the Lincoln to mass. She is four foot ten inches and was having a hard time adjusting his seat to drive. She could barely see over the dash!

I told her she was forbidden from driving his car. So my brother in law said her car was okay to drive to mass and back. Then mom turns to me and asks if I want to go to church with them! I said, “I don’t think so!” Then I went back inside. They were progressively becoming more like children around me. They thought these things were funny and kept doing them. Another time my mother honked the horn. I went to

the garage and she wanted to know why her car was broke. There is a tire gauge clamp that holds it by the emergency brake. I told her that is what it was. Then she wanted to know what the light was on the dash. I said it was the brake light because her foot was on the brake. The more recent thing is she got out of her car and asks me what that noise is. She left the car running with the keys in it. Now she is deaf as a fart but will not get a hearing aide. I would be a millionaire for every time I have told her to get one. It is pointless and useless to say it anymore. If people call she will answer the phone. She will say, “I can’t hear them” and hang up. If you do manage to talk to her she gets everything wrong. I use to yell to her across the room. Now I yell to her across the table.

My father has an automatic chair with a remote control that brings the foot rest up or the chair up to boost him out of the chair. I went down cellar for a minute. My mother was just in the other room. I came upstairs and my dad decided to get out of the chair. Instead of using the remote he got confused and tried to crawl off the end of the chair. He flipped the chair over with him on the floor. This is the second time he has done this. I yelled to mom in the other room and she did not even hear me. So I went in the room and yelled at her to come help me lift dad. She grabbed one arm and I the other one to lift him up to his walker and out in the kitchen.

I can see where my mom is overwhelmed with this full time job of dad. And I can see where it is a chore for him as well. It is not easy on any of us to say the least. I can say that once it starts changing drastically you have to learn to laugh at things and find the humor in them. This is not always easy to do. I find that there are times I get upset, frustrated and angry.

It is never at them but the situation. You have to take time out for yourself to renew your batteries. You have to have boundaries, learn to say no. I have siblings that would love to micro manage me and put me on their schedule. This is not a good thing and isn't always going to happen. You have to find ways of creatively defining your space. Learn to stick up for yourself without being disrespectful. You are never good for anyone if you don't take time for yourself. Don't feel obligated when you are not up to it. Nor feel guilty to say no.

I have found that you need a network. You need a good friend or therapist that you can talk to. They can help you work out your feelings which are just that, feelings. They do not define your or make you a terrible person for feeling them. We need to vent and doing so is very healthy. Take better care of your body. Eat right and exercise. Don't consume nervous eating. That will just put more stress on you. I have found that keeping a journal is a great thing. It helps you looking back after they are gone on the good points, the wonderful memories. You can relive the joys of the relationship and the journey getting there. If there is a family pet they can be instrumental. My mother just loves the cat. He helps her find love and peace when she is in turmoil. Growing up my dad hated cats. He has gotten so now he pets him. He actually calls the cat the dog from time to time. I just agree it never hurts. I also find not to correct my dad. It just makes him feel worse. And if they repeat themselves listen to it again. It won't kill you. It is never easy being with elderly parents. We always struggle to see them still as our parents, when in reality they have become the children and we the parents. This transition is never an easy one. The only advice I have for this is to do

the fun things with them they use to do for you. And learn to pray and ask for guidance for you will need to lean on it.

No one likes to get old, grow old, feel old and become totally feeble and helpless. Patience is something we need everyday for ourselves, so much more for others. I will never forget the time mom had the television us so loud you could hear it down the road and around the corner. I live in the basement. It would come through the ceiling up over the noise of the furnace. One day I had all I could take. I was about to blow an artery.

So I went to a store and bought the lawnmower hearing projection earmuffs, twenty one decibels. I got them home, put them on, walked upstairs and stood in front of mom talking to her. She split a gut laughing. It got the point across. I was using wads of Kleenex in my ears but it didn't block the noise out anymore. Having to put up with their noise is deafening. Literally when you get older you will become hard of hearing from their loud nonsense. Do what you have to for peace and quiet. Another time I stood there and lip synced to my mom with no words. She got quiet then realized what I did and laughed. Any little bit of humor you can add to the situation is good. There is also the many times when my mother would lay back down exhausted. Meanwhile dad would wake up coming down the hall with his walker in his underwear wanting to know where mom is. Or I would wake up finding I had been locked in the cellar. I popped the lock open and mom tells me dad must have gotten up in the middle of the night. The kitchen light was on and the cellar door locked. This is no laughing matter. In their confusion they tend to lock the house up, regardless of if you live there or not. I am

grateful he no longer drives. Since then Brian reversed the lock to the basement so that I can lock it at night. If Dad were to try to come down cellar he would not be able to. That brings me to the biggie. Everyone with dread anticipates the day they have to take away the car keys.

As dad's driving got worse, first it was questionable. He was driving home and got too close to the center line. His side mirror hit the other car going by. Coming home his mirror was hanging. I had to secure it with two rolls of electrical tape. Meanwhile the car dealer had to order the mirror. When they went to put it on, they commented what a good job I did with the electrical tape. The family does not make the decisions. My baby sister is in charge. She often comments they are "her parents". Need I say more? She is the executrix. So when the possibility of the family help decide if he should not drive anymore a war ensued. It cost me two years of my sister and me not speaking. I did not start a campaign to do so. I have an older sister who used my concern to launch a campaign to do away with Dad's license, which was not of my doing. She took my observation and gave me the credit for her calling everyone up with it being "my idea" to have dad's license taken away. Every family has a sibling like this. In their mind they are being helpful, but it only causes more hurt feelings and heartburn. My advice to you if you have a sibling like that is this: Read the serenity prayer out loud. If you cannot fix your sibling, then remove them from your life. Once you remove the cause of problems, they will cease to exist. It takes courage and wisdom. I can say you never say to a person with Dementia, "I am taking away" anything.

You ask "would you like to give it to me?" Never "I am taking it

away from you". They need to feel safe and secure and to be able to participate in the decision making. Family members need to support each other. They may not agree, but that is okay. The worse thing to do is argue in front of the parents. It makes them feel threatened that they will be abandoned. Home should be filled with what is familiar, safe and loving.

Dad did finally "give up" his drivers license. He mailed it back not renewed to drive. This has helped him tremendously. We keep his big car to drive him around in. This still gives him the dignity and status that he has earned. It is only respectful To comply with his wishes. My sister and her husband do a wonderful job with the parents. I live here which is something different. I am their security so they can feel good about being in their home. My baby sister is in charge of all the doctors and financial aspect of it. I support my youngest sister in any way that I can. There will always be heartburn or contention of others who are jealous. Many sad things will come to the surface with the passing of a loved one. I have heard too many stories of people fighting over things or money. You must be prepared for that. One should just focus on the ability to reciprocate in kind for their raising you. This is something that you can hold onto and nobody can take away.

You will find yourself acting more and more like your parents. Subconsciously you do that. I find that I too will put the television very loud and walk from room to room. It is a familiar noise in the background to drown out the quiet. Also so you can hear the commercials and when they end go back to your show. We do become our parents, and this book is the story of the transition of it happening to us. While care taking you are looking both forward and backward at the same time.

Gradually you inch forward. I no longer desire a house with a huge yard to mow or garden. I no longer desire a two story house with extra stairs to climb. I see things from their perspective and adapt to them myself.

THE WHEEL CHAIR RAMP

We no longer are without the wheel chair ramp. Last year we finally had one built in the garage. Dad's legs have gotten very weak. He has difficulty walking. So we have the wheel chair ramp for his walker and occasionally the wheel chair when he is very tired and doesn't feel like walking. I use to joke about it with my past co-workers. Now it is "with the wheel chair ramp." Love is the most important thing. The ramp allows them to be as independent as possible. I am all for them to being independent and I support it in any way I can. My mother is still quite capable of driving. She does a beautiful job of it. Lately however, she needs a cushion to sit on otherwise she barely can see above the dash. She gets dad out of the house for a ride when she can. He does not remember houses or towns anymore. But he does love to see the cows, horses and other farm animals. We grew up on a farm and there is something soothing about it for him. He loves cows and so do I. It just does not seem right to have a landscape without dairy cows dotting the horizon. I had another sister that took all my mothers recipes and make several notebooks. She did such a wonderful job! One for deserts, meats and dairy. It is in plastic sheets in a three ring binder. We try to organize as much as possible for her. The pictures mom has gone through and given back to each of us kids to have now while she

remembers what she does. And we have put our names on things we have given her, that will be returned to us. This is the only fair way of handing things. You will always have those that will squabble, so this diminishes any chances of that happening. My mother went to make a torte recipe. She was upset and tired. I had to help her figure out how to use the new mixer, and walk her through the ingredients. (Mom was putting old beaters on the new mixer. I took them off and put the new beaters more square on the new mixer. Then it worked). I stood there and helped with adding all of them in, and helping her with each step. This is different but manageable. Mom took all the credit for the desert which came out great. Remember it is not about us, it is about them. They get all the support and credit. We help make that happen for them. I went to gas up my mom's car for her the other night. Coming home a hot air balloon was in the neighborhood. I told mom to come out and look at it. It landed in our yard, so she got dad out on the porch to look at it. It didn't really mean anything to him, but mom was all excited! That just made her day; it was all she could talk about. She even called her best friend up with the news. These little surprises life throws our way are gems that we can all enjoy and hold onto. I myself have a disability, a bad back and arthritis. I have great difficulty getting around. It is 6:55am. I heard this banging so I went upstairs. As in time past I thought my dad fell or my mom and was trying to get my attention. Mom was in the kitchen with a rolling pin banging out a bag of ice for her leg. The ice cubes were too sharp in it. I told her I thought someone had fallen. She said no smiling at me. I told her I was going back to bed. She thought it was funny I woke

up so early and went upstairs. I suppose if I were her I would think the same, but right now I don't think it's funny. It is little moments like this mom does enjoy. I am not quite sure why but she was smiling. With my cat winding around my feet I suppose I could go upstairs and make my coffee. Next month autumn will be here. And with it the challenges of cold weather and transportation to and from places. I love the falling of the leaves. It reflects well this phase of life that all three of us are in. Mom the other day was not sure if she had her driving glasses on or her regular glasses. So I had to check them out. Then the other day she stuck dads reading glasses on him because his bifocals the bow was broke and needed a new screw. My sister asked why did she stick the wrong glasses on him and mother said because he needed something on his face. Now I'm really loving the reasoning behind things. I know which are which now. It is sad when they both put them on and can't see any difference. Oh Heavens!

Dad the other day left the kitchen table to go to the bedroom. Mom went after him to see if he needed assistance. He was screaming where was his checkbook. He was looking in the bathroom. Mom had to show him it was in his office not the bathroom. These things are not funny yet they are. You have to laugh at them to lighten up the mood. Then two nights ago mom found the cellar door locked and the kitchen light was on. He got up in the middle of the night to make sure the house was locked. He locked my door from the cellar to upstairs. We had to reverse the door, so I could lock it from the cellar. We are worried he would try to go downstairs and he would fall. This way I lock him out and don't have to worry about his falling down the cellar stairs. I find that as the days

goes by there is always something new you have to adapt to or contend with. My brother in law did a beautiful job with the door lock. He is just awesome with things! We are blessed to have him around. We have found out that mom has arthritis in her jaw. This is contributing to her deafness. Today she goes back to the doctor for more diagnosis and tests. Myself I just got an application for a handicap car placard. With my own arthritis and other conditions it is greatly needed. We have all learned to become part of a tag team. We synchronize our schedules to each other, making sure of ample coverage for the folks. It is just my sister, her husband and me. My other brother in law comes to play cards. I do not know how other families deal with it. They often have no choice with the skyrocketing price for elder care and for nursing homes. Growing up the kids and grandparents all lived together, so there was always coverage. Today, with job travels, relocating and the selfishness of most people they leave their elderly to fend for themselves. I find this most shameful in this country. The Orientals take better care of their own. I think that is why the Chinese are so loved in America. Besides, they have wonderful food! I love Chinese!

It has been a while since I have written last. Time is just flowing by, with doctor's appointments, errands and events. Mom lately is repeating herself more than usual. I am okay with it. I am relishing the moments. She had the simple pleasure of my sister and her going shopping.
She bought some little saucer plates she thought pretty. Today she got out a small crackle ware pitcher, washed it so she could see how beautiful it was. She saw a larger one at the doctor's office so she came home and did that. It was neat to

see her pick things up, go through them with pleasure. Dad is sleeping more, tired more often. It is a concern to us but considering his age, this is all in good stride. I often wake in the middle of the night, writing down poems and thoughts that came to me from the day. That is my special hour, when I can read with the house so quiet. It is a time when I can reflect after the troubles of the day at hand. I can put them to rest, and relax for another day accomplished. I got my own handicap placard in the mail today. Now I am one of them! (Funny how that happens). Life just comes and transition also. I use to keep on top of everything with everyone in the day. Now I choose what I want to hear and am content with living in my own definition. It is such a release to let go of all the extra baggage of others and just concentrate on ones self.

I have just had the privilege of having one of Dad's old friends; he, his wife and son stop by. They were married on the same day as my parents; he was a WWII vet and was wearing his purple heart. He also is an author! He gave me a copy of his book, and he is writing a 3rd! He is 88 years old and they both are alert and spry. His son was wonderful also! He remembered me and all the earlier years when we were all so involved in church events.

This is the second week in a row that older people have stopped by to say hello to my dad and get re-acquainted with him and mom. Days like today are gems in ones week. Truly we had such a lovely visit. I will end this entry on that note.

I thought it was the end to a perfect day but life strikes again. I decided to go up after everyone went to bed to take a shower. I get someone knocking on the door. I yell, "What"? And they just keep knocking. Well with soap in my hair I turn

the shower off, drape a towel over my frame and crack open the door. It is my dad standing there in his shorts. My mother is screaming to him for he has no hearing aide in that I am in the bathroom taking a shower. He did not see me so I quickly shut the door and resumed my shower. When I get done I hear my mom asking for me. I yell again, “What”? I get out and she says to dad who is still there, “see, that is her in the bathroom”. Well mom got dad back in bed. It seems that he thought he saw and heard someone go in the bedroom and he wanted to see who it was. It either was an angel or a ghost, or a spirit of some kind, but it was most emphatically not me. I went down cellar and locked the door. I did not want him to get up in the night, and try to come down cellar so it is all locked on him. Now that the lock is from the cellar he can no longer lock me down here from up there. I can come and go from this side. Good thinking to have the lock reversed. I think most who deal with people with dementia are experiencing things they thought they would never see or hear.

It only seems to get crazier as the days go by. (Much patience and prayers is needed by all who walk this walk). Some are better than others. And with that, a good night to all.

Today we were blessed with the perfect day. It was in the high 50’s which is nothing to sneeze at. I am enjoying the turn to autumn weather. Mom made pot roast. However she took out some small carrots and had them on the stove earlier. I thought nothing of it. After the meal I told her about it. She said she thought they were small sausages, so she didn’t give them to dad. She could not tell in a sauce pan in front of her. She said her eyesight is getting bad, not what it use to be. Now I knew that but this is frightening. However she still

manages to drive so I take my hat off to her. I just will check what she makes or serves me first the next time. We had the hot air balloon in our neighborhood again. It went and landed in my neighbors cow pasture then dipped back up. It proceeded to fly over our house. At the same time a two winged single engine airplane flew overhead, circled the hot air balloon then went on in the other direction. I miss the Brrrr of the engine. It is a lost art, but when I hear one it is music to my ears. I got mom back out on the front porch again to see the balloon. My trip was a success. I purchased $5.00 of lottery tickets to be the next millionaire, and a gallon of chocolate ice cream. With those two things done I do feel much better. If only life could be so easy. (I didn't win the megabucks. Oh shock of shocks!)

When I use to work my coworkers were all a little older than me. It was useful to hear their own personal struggles with family and parental elder care. Several took time off to help out the other siblings. Many lost their parents while I worked with them. That was really a blessing to me, to give me the patience and insight of their examples to draw from. My friend Alice, her mom always had a nightcap every night before she went to bed. I thought that remarkable a woman in her age to continue to do so. And even Beth, her dad always had a beer. To me that says a lot. It tells me they were sharp to the end, they appreciated life and the journey. They had no regrets and loved their family. To all those wonderful people, I salute my glass to you. I felt like a member of the family as we all shared our strengths and sorrows with each other. Mostly we learned to go through the daily grind together. I do miss my old coworkers, and this paragraph is a tribute to them and all

the wonderful times we shared together. Thank you Alice, Beth, Polly! Today mom was coming home from giving dad a ride, honked the horn as usual for me to get dad out of the car. Dad in his confusion turned his walker around and sat on the seat. He couldn't hear me so I had no choice but to push him up the wheelchair ramp in his walker. Now he is heavy and I appreciate all the more what care attendants do for others. It did put my back out some. I am not 20 anymore, not even 30 by a long shot.

My body is screaming that to me, my mind is flattering me with denial that I can still cut it. I think the body is winning this time. I theorized why Dad did that. He goes to church with Kitty and Brian. They push him up the ramp in his wheelchair. He saw the ramp and I think got confused and wanted me to push him up it. So I think that is what happened. You really don't realize how fast a stretch of time does go by. Everyday I feel much busier than the day before. Mom's legs keep swelling on her. It is her heart and she needs to put them up, rest more. I got to make Dad lunch and whatnot. Well my cat is just crazy about my dad. It is male so go figure. Today the cat was in the way so dad just ran over the cat with his walker, over his stomach. Now the cat is so dumb and trusting, no matter how much dad mistreats him he just goes back for more. The cat really loves my dad. I just think across the animal species, all men like to stick together regardless. That is the only logical explanation I can think of. My schedule now is so wrapped around theirs that it is one and the same. I find myself making more meals around the house. Now that is scary because I can bake, but cooking is pushing it. I can but I am rather lazy. I have learned to LOVE Rummy 500 the card game. And I have

learned to love listening to them repeat themselves many times over. It is part of the patience and humility that comes with care giving. One day I will be there and I hope that I can step up to the plate the way that I am meant to. Hopefully in turn there will be someone there for me when it is my turn. We can only hope. Mom stepped on something on the floor, couldn't figure out what it was. Dad had hot dogs for lunch. He chewed up the skins and spit them in the waste basket. He missed. Yup, we found out what it was! Never a dull moment. Much time has lapsed since I have written. It seems I have become one in the same with their routine, that I have lost respect of time. Months have gone by, so has spring, summer, fall and now winter is here. I have been watching my parents daily change as they age yet more gracefully. What use to bother me much now I can laugh with them through it. I have surrendered and gained peace in the process.

Some little things that are funny, that I try to keep track of. My father went for a ride with my mother. He put on his sunglasses that wrap around, and they went on a long ride. My mother came back so excited she took him and he enjoyed himself. Walking in he still had the sunglasses on. Removing I did discover that he took off his eye glasses to wear the sun glasses. Hence he never saw a thing my mother jubilantly pointed out to him the hour long ride. Another time she went to take him for a ride. He said he was going to stick her in the back seat. She said, "And who would drive?" where he replied, "Me". Mom laughed so hard she peed her pants laughing. These are the light hearted moments that we are enjoying. Bladder control is another whole issue that we are dealing with.

Dad usually gets himself up in the morning and mom just goes along with it. This morning was different. She said something told her to check his bathroom. He went to flush it and it almost overflowed. She had to plunge it. It had already overflowed once cascading down into my closet, which I had to clean out. (My clothes were spared). It is never a dull moment around here. Today is actually Thanksgiving Day. Everyone upstairs is napping resting up for the event. Kitty my baby sister really is such a good sport. We are all going down there this afternoon. I bought her some chocolate to bring over. What little I can do I enjoy doing. I find it most different not working or earning money because I am disabled. I have been for yet more tests from various doctors. I have learned to be grateful for what I have. I also shop exclusively at thrift shops, and get freebies at the dump. People get rid of perfectly good items in this country for which I can always use. I have watched some good shows on TV today. Yet I am dismayed at the wicked commercialism which has replaced the meaning of this day, and the greed of never being satisfied, always wanting more. It never was like that growing up. Being raised on a farm with a very large family, we did recycling before it was “new”. We stretched everything we had, from clothes as hand me downs to my brothers ice skates. We even had to share a bicycle which actually was my dads. We each learned to take turns riding it and respecting his property and returning it back in its place. I feel that at least two generations have been removed from my dad. Since WWII people seem to have no wants and take everything for granted. Yet I see now the economy of the world headed back into dire straights, far worse than my dad’s time. I see where

we will learn again the value of items, but value of family should be more. Either people learn to have a heart or they do not. Most kids today have never prayed or know of any spirituality to define as their own. They are living blindly life as it comes. And I feel sorry they do not have that inner peace and strength which makes such a difference. As was said, erode the family and the nation will soon follow. And this I am seeing unravel before my eyes as an epidemic across the globe.

Without gratitude people can never be happy, for they have not learned to be content in all things, with little or with much. I wish these things were taught in schools today but they are not. These values are dying with the older generations of long ago. To live in a society that has no God or Values is a dangerous thing. Nationalism cannot replace spirituality. WWII has proven that and all that did died failing. What do we have if we stop teaching our children? They will grow up to take care of us. How will we be treated if they don't value us or what we have lived for? Reflection helps but it must be implemented as a way of life, so that we can guarantee against moral decline and devastation of future generations. There is much on media today; it bombards us twenty four – seven.

We have to get away from that and be still and know our God, and be strengthened in Him for what is coming our way. For life is not for the weak, but the strong. And my parents are an example of this. Mom just yelled to me so I ran upstairs. You would have thought the house was on fire. Dad got up and decided to close the magnetic mini blinds. He pulled them off the door. So laughing I hung them back up, and handed Dad

back his walker that he misplaced. Always something. The carpenter was suppose to come today to replace the shingles on the roof where it meets the garage. No show, no carpenter, no phone call. Like I said, you got to love it. A small chickadee hit the window earlier really hard. I stepped outside and picked it up in my leather gloves. I tucked it away in the dogwood bushes for it to recover. I went to feed the birds later and checked in on him. He got well enough and flew away. I like happy endings. Mom and I were watching a video of Dad's 75th birthday party. A lot of people on there are now dead, one of them my younger brother. It is amazing to see how time flies and fashions change. I am signing off for now. Must keep my ears peeled and check in on the folks. Dad has changed how he plays Rummy 500. It use to be deal seven cards, pick one up, put one down. Dad will take from the pile what he wants, leave the rest not take them. Then he will pick up one or two more times from the deck till he gets the cards he needs to get out. You just have to let him do what he wants. If I have three of a kind, he tells me he wants my cards for points on my side. I just add them in for him. At his age and confusion, I have learned when I correct him he gets angry and confused. Don't rock the boat. Let him "cheat" as he does when he thinks he is doing so well. Other times he is his old self and nothing wrong. It is for sure the mini seizures in his brain. All in all he does very well with staying active. We do search the word puzzles and then we put videos in of little animals. He watches those. I think they remind him of the farm growing up. That is something where mom and dad can sit together on the couch. Mom can't drive now because the sunlight bothers her eyes, and her arm hurts her. She will

need cataract surgery. After that I think she will do much better with glare. Another day winds down. And for that I am grateful. Glad to have my parents one more day, more events to add to the loving memories. I hope my daily saga helps someone else out there who is also a caretaker. Know that you are not alone, and humor and prayer works wonders. These are our tools, without them we are nothing.

IT IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS

It is none of my business
What others do think of me,
My worth is not of validation
That of men or otherwise
My value is of God, having been
Born of his image and likeness ~
I care not what others say
I care not what others think, for
I care only if I am faithful to
The Father who called me to himself,
And that is what really matters ~
Mind set is of Him, on Him,
Through Him I have my being
And not anything of myself,
For I shall always remember
My value is of God, having been
Born of his image and likeness.

TO DIVIDE

Did not the Father say he would
Bring division of a sword?
He is sifting the sheep
From the goats among them ~
We are called to rightly divide
The Word of Truth...
Do you know what truth is?
How can you divide truth?
We take the Word of God
Apply it to our lives
Letting it go to bone and marrow
Surgically removing from our hearts
All that offends and destroys ~
We undergo a transition of which
Is more than physical, rather
Spiritually we remove from us
All that goes against the Spirit ~
Embrace the Truth who divides
The sheep from the goats
Purifying the bride.

SECRET

There is no such thing
As a secret follower
For to be a disciple
Means living it openly.
Actions speak louder than words.

Ones whole life and being
Daily shows forth what you believe.
You can't hide the light within,
To do so is to smother the flame
Which is to be a beacon to others.
You cannot claim the word,
A light unto your path
And hide the light within;
To live in secret is to
Die in secret with the hope within.
No, there are no secret followers.
(Luke 11:33)

FORGIVE US OH FATHER

Comfortable, convenient
Like a worn out old shoe
How people have used you Jesus!
To rescue them from their sins!
To bless them in their needs!
How people selfishly seek you
To bless them, bless them, bless them!
They ask of you, what you give
Rather than seek you to love you!
You are a Father of Mercy and Love
That none of us can deny ~
We are so clingy, needy!
Forgive us for only asking you
And not just loving you!
The world is visual, physical

We think we need to acquire.
We tend to forget we are spirits
Living in a physical body ~
Life is constant shift, change, motion,
It is not stagnant but exciting.
So should you be to us Father
Alive, fresh and new each day!
You are not an experience
You are our breath, energy itself.
We get in trouble when we shift
Your life for our self efficiency ~
Do not desert us oh Lord
For our foolishness and sinful ways.
We do love and need you
In our core, our very being.
Thank you for the Holy Spirit,
Who keeps us in your current
Alive in you, forevermore.
So forgive us oh Heavenly Father
For we love you in our human weakness.

THE PRIESTS OF EZRA

I could very easily fall in love with you
Your heart is beautiful and deep
I can see a thousand dreams and wishes
Lived within your actions and words ~
Your eyes speak so tenderly to me
I get lost in your love so soft

What you do to me is hypnotic
You pull me towards you longingly
With fullness overflowing ~
I fight myself not to give in
Easy to get lost in you
Your canopy covers over me
With sweet kisses and words
Asking me to stay completely ~
It is out of love that I leave
For I cannot be a heart divided
Many have fought and lost
Yet I choose to leave while I can
Before I fall away in weakness ~
You have a strong allure my love
One that cannot be contained
For I could easily love you.
(Ezra Chapter 10; Nehemiah 13:23-31)

VALLEYS

There is the lowest dip
before the hill set high
we often are caught down below
thinking things will not go by ~
We cannot entertain such thoughts
or they will rob us blind
of the victory soon to be ours
if we'd be like the hind ~
For craggy slopes of hard climb
yet it does ascend on top

regardless of the ache and toil
to conquer the hardest rock ~
When in the valley so deep
and ones mind is over wrought
know that you are not alone
your answers to what you sought. ~
Everything is but a season
it all shall not last
for it is all for a reason
this too shall soon past.

GRATITUDE I SAY

Gratitude they say ~
We tend to forget it
our focus is on our troubles
rather than past blessings
Gratitude they say ~
For life full of pain
racked with much sorrow
yet grateful for the lesson
Gratitude they say ~
Being shaken from a stupor -
rescued from self destruction
with the chance to start over
Gratitude they say ~
To take what life gives
learning not to curse or complain
embracing truth and humility
Gratitude they say ~

To have a fellowship
of those who also suffer
yet love knowingly and unconditionally ~
Yes it is Gratitude I say.

CONFORMITY

Lift up your head Oh Child
No longer you need to surrender
To the expectations of others.
I have liberated you to freedom
Accept what you have been given ~
Your walk is a different cadence
Others no longer hold sway
Over your soul or spirit.
Live in your new established station
In true character modeled daily ~
Shed your old way of thinking
Be transformed into my image
Fulfill your vow of spiritual service.
Think on My Word and thoughts
Prove what is good within you.
(Romans 12:1-2)

MY CHILDREN

My children
How I weep
How I lament
You are asleep

And destruction is upon you ~
How you have fallen
You have lost your first love
The rudiments of the earth
Have enraptured your heart
You have forgotten ME
Jesus your Savior ~
I do not desire
For any to perish
Yet you choose your rebellion
Over my way of love and obedience ~
Terror of such magnitude
Will suddenly destroy.
Thou are hated, despised
Many are against you
Many within your own borders
You will be as lambs to slaughter ~
There is no place to hide
Only in me
Prepare your hearts
Come in my presence
On your face
Seek the hiding place
Under my wings
For I protect only my own
Only those who are separate to me ~
My Children
How I weep
How I lament
This doesn't have to be so

You do not have to perish
If you will only come to me
Before the hour is here ~
You have deadened my voice
You have seared your conscience
And now you are
But the spiritual dead.
I cannot protect you
I have not abandoned you
But you have deserted me.
Come, before it is too late –
Before it is too late –
And I shall plead no more.
(Psalm 91:1-4)

EVERY WHIM

Useless it is to fret and worry
Over what ifs, what was
And all of the to bes,
The Father does know best
It is for our good measure
He will do as He shall please ~
When we learn this fact
Give up the doubt and fear
Latch onto the promises true,
Then He will hear your prayer
Bring about a swift answer
By an angel straight to you ~
So drop the hands open

Down to your very sides
Give it all unto Him,
nothing shall come against you
Or torment your spirit or soul
When Father hears your every whim.

HE CAME

His silence spoke volumes
Every foot step walked closer
My heart raced as I gazed on him.
Words were spoken as never before
Of life, hope and eternal promise.
Love he gave to all who mistreated
Even weeping over the sins of men.
He deeply cared about us
So unlike others who came before
For his whole being was different.
There was a gentleness that
The world never knew
And men thirst after.
Many followed from great distance
To drink in the Words of Life
Sitting at the feet of Him.
He came for you, for me
That we could change ourselves
Starting with each of us
To build our foundation in Him
And become a Living Body.
He died and rose again

He delivered his promise to us.
He still lives in the hearts of men
Who follow in his foot steps
Carrying the message of Hope ~
And love to a dying world.
Let us follow our example
Rejoicing for the privilege to do so.

FRUIT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

He who wins souls
Is wise, is wise
Let us not him despise ~
For he makes good use of measure
Time allotted to gain great treasure
His vision and goal of the master
The souls of men he can see,
He knows life is but a vapor
Then soon slips into eternity ~
We shall give an account
Of all such time we do waste
And for all the tasks at hand
Salvation of souls make haste ~
To snatch another soul
From the lake of fire
To escape a hopeless plight
Endless agony so dire ~
We must be about the Father's business
Not slacking in hand we go
Speak forth the Savior's story

With new found life they know ~
He who wins souls is wise, is wise
Let us not him despise.
(Proverbs 11:30; Ephesians 1:3-5)

GRASP

All are born for a purpose
First and foremost fellowship
Companionship with the Father.
Think this not an odd thing
For we are created in his image.
Loyalty and Obedience does bestow
The royal inheritance to us.
For those who rebel, nothing.
In this life they may prosper
But in Eternity eternal torment.
Life is so fleeting, blinding
It promises everything under the sun.
Wisdom is to know who to follow
We must ever keep our eyes on Him.
Yes, sup with the Father, refresh
In his bosom is Love Divine
With splendor beyond description.
When we are tempted at the Pinnacle
Shown dazzling worldly treasure,
May we know what does last
And forever hold onto that.
(Matthew 4:5-7; 2 Cor. 4:1-8; 5:7)

JAMES 4:14-15

Let us presume, assume
Let us arrogantly plan and boast
Let us tear down our barns
To enlarge them yet bigger
For all our projected wealth ~
Let us hoard up treasures
For ourselves in time of need
Blind to those in poverty around us,
Let us live out our dreams
Planning all our tomorrows ~
Let us demand what we desire
Feeling entitled to all our wishes
Giving nothing of our affluence to others.
Pride in our accomplishments
Let us boast of our abilities
To get and acquire many things~
“The Pride of Life blinds
To all that really matters.”
(James 4:14-15; “You do not even know what will
Happen tomorrow! For what is your life? It is even a
Vapor that appears for a little while, and then disappears.
Instead, you ought to say, “If God wills, we will live, And we will
do this or that.”)

THE FULLNESS THEREOF

I give thee permission
To leave the crowd so dim

We shall be alright
Now is your time to leave
And grasp your reward lovingly ~
This is the thing you taught me
My whole life to live so that
I may walk in the true love
And embrace the light of truth ~
Well have you served and shown
Walking in the designs of creation
Passing on to your children
A life committed and displayed
The covenant of God and man ~
The circle shall be complete
For you were born
And now you must return;
Feel no need to stay here
For your reward is waiting for you ~
Go and walk in the Joy
Embracing the fullness thereof.
(1 Corinthians 2:9; Psalm 16:11)

IN THE MIDST OF MY PAIN

In all my sorrow and troubles
I came through the other side
Often not knowing how
In the midst of trials ~
I know that you are there
Never leaving me abandoned
Your strength is my peace

Your love is my compassion
Your hope is my Joy ~
Drawn by your Mercy
I have often in wonder
Asked why me? And you
Say that you Love me ~
Humbled I yielded my pride
And learned that all along
You believed in me
You made me for a purpose
I have a destiny to fulfill
And you wish to see it in me ~
If I had no troubles then
I would never know what
You my Master could do.
I had to lose myself to find
The person you wanted me to be ~
And knowing that all along
You walked with me through it.
I was never totally alone
I just had to find that out
For myself realizing your Love
In the midst of my pain.

OUR RESOLVE

Little does it profit one
The toil of worry and fret
Sleepless nights, insomnia
Fears projected one does let.

Imagined into reality
Wrong perceptions about life
When the Master does say
To rest in him not strife ~
Days go by too quickly
Grasping to remember the day
The weather sublime or majestic
Hard for one to rightly say.
What compromised the moments
The hours filled you live
Rather dwell on the rich fullness
The Word written to give ~
For lifted from the pages
The power to fully express
Life altering revelations
Our future we earnestly press.
Weights, burdens we drop
Our load to but dissolve
When we choose the path of faith
Resting in Jesus our resolve.

MOCKINGBIRD

Most people know the song birds which
Grace the sky and heavens,
They are the prayers in morning
Lifting their song to the creator.
One of such is the mockingbird
For he mimics what he hears with
Such clarity of presentation you

Would think him to be authentic.
In this world people reflect nature
Often the creatures in it so us ourselves,
For the mockingbird is but an echo
Of others, borrowing their identity
To cast shadows away from themselves ~
How many people are like that, not
Having solid identity but borrowing of others.

CHANGE

The reason why change is painful
Is because it removes us from the familiar
Out of our comfort zone into the hands
Of a loving and caring God
Who directs us in life, often where
We choose not to go.

LOVELY

Today I did not expect
A phone call to come see you
Quietly I left the house apprehensive,
I got there and you were resting.
I saw you on your journey
You see the finish line ahead
Wanting so patiently to cross over,
I see the love in your eyes.
Often we miss the given message
That is visually before us

The person at peace and accepting
While we struggle with letting go.
How beautiful to see one yielded
To acceptance in faith of a greater
Assurance, a blessing to be greeted by
While the gate of passage presents itself.
I often feel we are bankrupt souls
Thinking we are losing so much when
We take a part in the heavenly embrace
Which the loved one looks for.
It is written in the Book
How lovely in the eyes of God it is
The death of his loved ones,
More so to be in his presence.
(Tribute to Debbie Fleming, ALS)

RETURN

The Master has done everything
To tell mankind He is coming back
Yet we take for granted his words
Not in our lifetime.
Many go about life as normal
Burning up the minutes and hours
Wasting precious moments not assured
As if there is an endless supply.
Once our soul leaves our body
It is a one way ticket of no return
The other side we have been warned
It exists and all the penalties.

Foolish people scoff at God
Ignoring His Word and Admonitions
Treating it all has fairy tales,
Spurning the Father's care and regard.
There is no second chances then
Many will see living lies in flames
As they scream in nonstop torments
While flames lick their souls.
If you are alive today right now
You are given the chance to make right
To be restored to the Father now
Before his coming seals your fate.

CHOICE

Many people surmise,
They project thoughts, feelings,
Some believe scripture, others do not
This is a choice we all make ~
There is a time for all men
To waken to the Creator
To stand before Him and quake
Listening to each man's verdict ~
The time to sleep and slumber is over
Need to wake up and renew
The spirit within you.
The days grow long and dark
Only those whose lamp is lit
Will walk into the light ~

Salvation is for all eternity,
The choice is yours.

HE WILL...

He is a consuming Fire
He shall bring forth judgment
He will return in Wrath,
He is faithful and true
There is no wickedness in Him
He will requite to mankind,
He is at the threshold
There stands the Savior ready
To return with the army of righteousness,
He is the Eternal One The Father of all Creation
And Holiness is His name.

****

“Religion is of men God is the living Word
Where men are complete.”
“Jesus himself said that He trusted not men for
He knew what was within them.
We learn the hard way Not all men are honest or
Trustworthy, for it is by
Hardships we do learn wisdom.”
“Often we must loose all
That we have accumulated
To gain what God Has to give to us.
It is in so doing that We become humbled,

Submitted to his provision
Learning to trust and honor."
****

WALK ON

Softly spoken words reflect
The tenderness of the moment
Lay the flowers down with care
The wind blows ever slightly
Stirring the memory of what was,
With birds' flight on wing
Bringing forth recognition
Of a life well lived
I reach for the strength
To walk on.
No one can fill your shoes
Your name is but a declaration
Of the man who lived so fully
With conviction, courage
Strength to live for truth.
No one will ever know
The mark you made in me
Even in death you gave
A love so deep freely.
Softly I do speak to you
As you listen from beyond,
I lay down my cares
To your tender ear that hears.
You remind me I am not alone

That I have all the promises
To remember, recall and live.
The bird cries out and departs
Shaking me from my slumber
To a new awareness of time
As like never before;
And I, I walk on.

UNMERITED FAVOR

Blank I say, blank
Your slate has been washed clean
No more accusations
Your mind and soul serene ~
No more faults to see
Gone as far away
As east is to the west
In the ocean that is displayed ~
Fresh and clean again
The feeling as a child
With purity and innocence
Feeling so worthwhile ~
I hold no weights upon you
They have been lifted long ago
My yoke has replaced them
Easy and confidence I bestow ~
Of favor, unmerited favor
Given to you by my blood
With tears of repentance shed
With Loves' great flood.

HOW MUCH MORE SURE

Come little golden bird
Perch the tree so fair
Rest your weary wings
In the dogwood tree with care ~
You are a chosen one
To sing to me today
Of delight and marvels
You will soon convey ~
To be fed of the Lord's hand
Trusting yourself to him
And as dusk does fall
With the light growing dim ~
You were provided for
The birds of the air not toil
For all that comes your way
Given from the earth and soil ~
Your beauty is exquisite
Design magnificent and true
Nothing can truly compare
What the Master has given you ~
Daily your life is to sing
To fill the earth with pleasure
For our ears to hear
Of the Fathers' great measure ~
Of creation that displays
His provision for you
And how much more sure
For his children it is true.

THAT WHICH IS GENUINE

A believer is only human
Yet we represent the kingdom
We are called to become holy
And we will fail, it is given.
Yet holiness means set apart –
We strive to live the command ~
Our whole life we will error
It is not perfection we seek,
It is love and forgiveness
For these are living in holiness.
I can love you and perceive
The finished good within you ~
Perfection is but an illusion
A way to deceive myself to fail
To give up the grace I've been given
For the strength of my own efforts
Which will bring ruin every time ~
People can only respect
That which is genuine
Not what is projected as image.
Let us live truth not a lie
By walking in his true love.
(1 Peter 1:15; 2 Corinthians 12:9)

DYING

Dying to be loved
Dying to be touched

Dying for the truth
Dying for a reason
Dying to be understood ~
Dying to be heard
Dying to be noticed
Dying, dying, dying,
Every day in more depths
Layers of nothingness ~
Asking to be heard
For the truth to be spoken
For a chance to accept it
To live it in all sincerity
Fruitful and multiplied over ~
One day you stop dying
And you start to live
Renewed and strengthened
Within your inner most being
You found the Love you looked for ~
Jesus is Life itself
Eternal fountain of youth
Living waters that drown death
All the torments and pain gone,
To resurface no more.

ALL I NEED

I use to be that one
Who always stepped up
To the plate for action,
Ready and able to help out.

No longer one to rescue
Rather accept only what is mine,
Letting others deal themselves
For themselves without intervention ~
I use to be that one
Who always believed in others
Accepted what I was told
Gave to a cause or action,
Now I sit back to myself
Not giving of myself anymore.
It is the time now of
Accountability for ones' own actions
Not those of others
No matter how 'worthy' ~
I use to be that one
Whose strength laid in others
As a group, a community
Now my strength is singular
As I yield to him
And through him I am strong,
To walk the road necessary
That is stretched out to me ~
And anxiety has slipped away
Along with the expectations
That others had put on me.
All I need is to live for messiah
In the realm of his being.

A SLICE OF HEAVEN

Beauty of trees of every variety
Canopy of light filters through
The birds and butterflies flit
Anchored in the umbrella of green ~
Tender the care and nurture
Of the secret garden so true
Benches and foot steps scattered
Solace to the much wearied soul ~
Color abundant sprinkled in flowers
Fruit and vegetables sewn about
With more shade from above
Trees caressing the sun's rays ~
Sweet the smell of the leaves
Nectar to those who live there
Nests perched with expert artfulness
Among so large a gathering ~
You rest on the lovely porch
Scanning your eyes about
On all the fruits of your labor
Satisfaction lived and warmed by ~
Yearly your boundaries grow
Ever reaching even higher
The neighborhood you have grown
To see and enjoy your beauty ~
It all started with a tree Planted by hand with love
Much forethought and tenderness here
Such is my sister's garden ~
A slice of heaven.
-333-

FORSAKEN

There was this German Shepard
That was owned by a friend
He was abandoned as a puppy,
Found she took him in.
Upon looking at him with thought
He was named “Forsaken”.
She would call out ‘For’
And he would come running.
He was the most pitiful dog
For he always slinked around
As if very lonesome ~
The Master of the house
Had passed on with cancer
And eventually she succumbed
Herself to an ailment most dreadful.
The dog had long since passed
And I often think of him
With those sad eyes as if asking
Why he was ever tossed away,
A puppy abandoned, unloved.
Most gracious and tender
Ever thankful for any attention
And protective of his master ~
How people can treat an innocent
Animal, a baby of creation
With no heart or feeling,
I do wonder even more so.
How can people treat each other

Like that dog of long ago? To disregard,
Neglect, totally hate to abandon.
Can we even feel what they do?~
And then I remember Jesus' words:
“My God, My God,
Why have you forsaken me?”
Yes, someone knows what it is like,
Let us always remember that.
(Matthew 27:46)

BALLANTYNE

Sweet slumber
I wrap myself lovely
Blankets of plush and warmth
I have worked hard today
And now I rest aside
From what pains ~
Sweet slumber
Strength to visions
Planned and dream fresh
To withdraw my hand
It cannot be so
Yet I still desire ~
Sweet slumber
Vicariously I inhabit
The realm of pleasure
The crowning of ones labor;
Gradually I shall wake
Sober, seeing it not there.

CAT BOX

I have a box to scratch in
To deposit all my wealth
From the tasty morsels I do eat
I use it with great health ~
Some days I send the litter
Flying in such disarray
For it does not quite cover
The stench which I do spray ~
I dig to the bottom surface
To find a new found source
Replenish anew a fresh scent
Often clawing with great force ~
Every time is different
An episode of its own kind
But the best days are the nicest
When the cleanest litter I find.

I HAVE BECOME THAT PERSON…

There is a painting of two elder friends
Withered with age yet wisdom radiates.
Age is the thing we all try to deny
Yet with it comes knowledge of value,
The stuff that we learned from and lived ~
And I find as I do get older
I find a peaceful calm and acceptance
Yielding the energy and zest I had
For a more leisurely way of living.

What use to motivate me before
Has lost all interest and pizzazz ~
I have become the person that
I would laugh at in my youth.
I no longer care for current fashion
Nor do I care if I dawdle or wane,
Often I'm slow and become repetitive ~
I am a penny thrift as of late
And find myself becoming cheap,
Saving, tightening my belt for
What may come or befall me.
I think of those people that
Reuse aluminum foil and gift wrap,
Paper bags, string and rubber bands ~
I shop at the thrift store eyeing
All the splashes of colour I find.
The "old stuff" as a new found treasure
Being a kid again I can own it once more,
And the joy of reviewing and reliving
My childhood from others cast offs ~
I am proud to be a senior,
The changing of the guard.
I hope I can represent the wisdom
Which others had for me to those
Who would come and ask.

A BETTER WAY

Reduced to boxes and cartons
Years of your life is now this,

The compass brings new direction ~
Toil of a lifetime with memories
Are taken away from you
Now you are left with questions ~
Dumped for being non-productive
Cast aside, discriminated against
Disabled you must redefine yourself ~
You are in no-mans land,
Unable to work, too young to die
Invisible, ignored and unwanted ~
Only voices you hear are selfish pleas
Yelling help from the very ones
Who had disbelieved you with ignorance ~
Grateful for our Heavenly Father
Who does see all things
He comforts, gives us guidance ~
My boxes are really a gift
Freedom wrapped in its contents
To make a better way.

P.C. (POLITICAL CORRECTNESS)

I think I mean what I say
Or try hard to convey
Yet you interpret it all wrong
Political Correctness is your song ~
What is clear, defined and spoken
Suddenly is all wrong, broken
You make me say what I did not
To change the meaning I don’t want ~

Let us slant our opinion true
To impose ourselves on you
To make right read wrong
To make wrong to belong ~
How we must not offend
That our words we must amend,
To not be true to any meaning
Or give sway to any reasoning ~
I think I mean what I say
Or try hard to convey
Yet you interpret it all wrong
Political Correctness is your song.

NUGGETS II

Better is simplicity with little
Than confusion with too much.

Many voices give unwanted advice
Wise the soul who ignores them.

Humility is the ladder to success
Pride blinds one to his fall.

Isolation brings stunted growth
Community nurtures, fostering success.

Reflection is a road map of guidance
It illuminates detours and pitfalls.

Tactful criticism yields fruit
Brutal force compels resistance.

Life appears to be long, enduring
Death is ever present, a breath away.

One yielded in loyalty and love
Shall one day leave forever.

Take not for granted what is yours
One day it shall belong to another.

True treasure is living in the moment
Rather than a life on illusions.

We all have a voice
Shameful to let others silence it.

LIVE IN HIM (HEBREWS 11)

The cold seeps deep in the bones
Bringing a chill that is not stoppable
Each breath brings a deep ache
A burning cold that penetrates
To the brain making it numb ~
Each moment and thought concentrates
On what next to stay warm
Where to go to seek shelter, food
What once was taken for granted.

Blind faith they walk in humbly ~
Things are so different now
All things having been stripped away
They trust on Divine Providence alone
To sustain them, guide them
To keep them from any further harm ~
Mankind may be able to kill the body
Yet they cannot kill the soul that lives
Which dreams, gives and moves
In the Love of our Saviour.
Life will never be the same again ~
We gather under the shelter of His Wings
Under the shadow of the Almighty
For He protects, shields and cares for us.
We can no longer care for ourselves
We must trust in His Protection ~
Make up your mind once and for all
That whatever man may do to you
That you will resist and not turn away
From the Messiah or His Word.
Our lives are not our own,
For we now live in Him.

TRULY BLEST

Grass is not always greener
On the other side of the fence
Yet a visit to over yonder
Is good and makes sense ~
For when one sees up close

Not through rose coloured glasses
You can appreciate much more
What is yours over the masses ~
Gratitude is often overlooked
Tucked away in a corner
Until one does start to wander
Like the great sojourner ~
Then being lost with no bearings
One does yearn what they left
Soon you come to your senses
To see you truly are blessed.

OCCUPY UNTIL I RETURN

What may seem like endless days
Is only my Grace enlarged
Yet people squander time senselessly
Soon much will be ripped away
All safety nets and comfort zones
You will have to rely upon me
To meet all of your needs
Wise is the man who heeds ~
What may seem like mundane tasks
Truly is a testing of your endurance
Even in the smallness of routine
Put your hand unto what is to do
And give your best unto me the King
For I do reward you for your obedience
It is not your efforts done for me
Obedience to my commands you see ~

Each of us is a part of the body
Many tasks you are given is elect
For none can share your burden
Nor shoulder the weight you can carry
Let us walk together united even now
Before the storms do rain upon all
Do not give up what I told you
It is endure till I return you must do.

HIDDEN

You are my gem, my pearl
I have loved you greatly
Nothing can harm or touch you
For you are hidden in my hand ~
People fear what they do not know
Also what they see outwardly
They lack vision to know the Spirit
And to touch the heart of compassion ~
I am there for those who seek me
I can be seen by those who know me
For I am hidden to those not mine
Even in plain sight I am not there ~
Truth is hard, painful and lasting
Ignoring it will not send it away,
Indifference will not change it
For I am known by those who seek ~
You are my gem, my pearl
I have few that I have chosen
For they discarded my grace, mercy

For wisdom that passes away ~
I cherish the few who know me
In the midst of the storms
In the rage of the battles
I embrace you in oneness of love ~
Quit throwing your arrows
Against my shield which covers you
I am your protection in all things
Even through death you shall live ~
My wings shall shield you
Nothing can touch that I have covered
For you are hidden within my love
It covers deep the hearts of men.

I NEVER SHALL FORGET

There you always were
Such a rock, a stone
I looked up to you as my hero
Always strong and powerful.
I remember as a child your look
One of confidence and being okay
You set everything in order
Gave life meaning and purpose.
As I grew older I lost touch
With your values and standards
I reached out and discovered my own
Sometimes we would argue over such
But deep down you knew that I
Was a lot like you in many ways.

Now that I am much older and you
Are failing in health and mind
I see a shell of a man to what
Use to be, a strong man of courage.
You made a way in the world when
To do such things was possible.
Things are so different now
Those old ways are long gone
And mostly forgotten by others.
I long to hold onto them in my mind
In my life, my work ethic defining me.
I struggle to let you go
Even though I need to do so.
It is so hard to say goodbye
To the one who loved me so
Taught me what was right and
Valued all things with honor.
How can I say goodbye to you?
Yet I must for your time has come
And I see it all now.
Forgive me if my tears linger
Your soul has touched my heart
In a way I never shall forget.
(For Dad)

WITNESS

Quietly being real
Instead of boldly being fake,
This is living the gospel.

EBB OR ETCH

Double mindedness
Ruins ones' witness
Uproots your steadfastness
Unsure in all your ways ~
Change color like a chameleon
Blend in to your surroundings
You have lost your light
The lamp stand is removed ~
If the world does love you
Then you have become
An enemy to the Cross
You think more of men ~
Compromise; agree to disagree
Round off your sharp edges
Smooth and warn down,
A living stone: A tombstone ~
Singleness of heart and mind
Hold true and fast
Don't waiver for anyone
Or in the end you are lost.

THE BLISS OF SOLITUDE

Your thoughts no longer are shaped
By the opinions of others
When you come away,
You enter into the Lord's presence
For He is there in the solitude.

True growth is when ones' strength
Is in the Lord Himself
In prayer and fellowship.
This is total surrender,
It becomes sweetness to the soul.

REVIEW

There is a difference between
Idleness and reflection.
You look within the soul
With the mirror of the word;
This gives you the discernment
To review the things you should
And leave others behind.
It's never our strength
Rather always the Lord's
Who renews us in His Love,
To walk in righteousness and holiness.
One who never takes the time
To review their life
Often drift off course never knowing.
We need the plumbline of the Word
To keep us on the narrow path
To do the will of God.

WARNING

May I never be too busy
That I miss the Lord's voice

Speaking to me,
For deaf ears become
Spiritually dull often missing
The answers and directions
Of the Holy Spirit.

PREMONITION

If I knew
I were to die
What would I first do?
Would cry out
To the Lord
Praise the one who is true -
Would thank Him
For the life I've lived
And all the pain and sorrow
And thank Him
For the full days set
With promise of tomorrow -
Now to realize
I must draw close
For life is cut short,
None the less
Him I'll bless
Before I enter His Court -
And when the Day
Is far gone
And truly spent
I'll cover all of

My short comings
Of days I was lent -
From my knees
I shall arise
With a heart of love
For I made peace
With my King
Who I will join above.
~ Hebrews 10:22

I AM GOING HOME

You were brought into this world
The day you were born
And soon enough like that
From this world you're torn.
Life is a great gift
That God gives each of us
What we do with it
Has much effort and fuss.
Somewhere woven in our lives
Is a sterling invitation
Of which God the Father
Has given us a reservation.
The books will be opened
To see if your name is inside
To determine where you'll be
For all eternity reside.
Such a precious gift we have
When we reunite with Him

The compassion, heart felt love,
Overflowing the brim.
To say I'm going home
This world suddenly fades away
My vision, yearning and focus
On the dawn of that Great Day ~
I am going home!